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WITH SUPPLEMENT ONE SHILLING.



HOME AGAIN.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. S. BROG.

At one point on the line of march, a young girl broke through the crowd and soldiers lining the road, and greeted one of the C. I. V.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

London will long remember how the City Imperial Volunteers marched, or rather scrambled, through a dense multitude of their fellow-citizens to the halls of the City Fathers. To me the demonstration was all the more significant because there was so little of a military spectacle. Instead of serried ranks of marching troops, accustomed to gaze straight in front of them, as if the slightest deflection of an eyeball would be a breach of discipline, there was a single file, constantly broken, always on the point of being swallowed up in the huge embrace of the crowd. This was in Fleet Street, where the total failure of the police to preserve any semblance of order gave a kind of hilariously domestic air to the whole scene. It was as if a gigantic family had turned out to welcome sons and brothers and sweethearts home from the wars, and as if the police were well-meaning though obtrusive strangers, whose assistance had not been invited, but was tolerated on account of the opportunities it gave for practical joking. There were soldiers, too, who made a pretence of keeping the spectators in their proper places, and this greatly increased the general mirth, especially when a mounted officer in a busby exhorted everybody to stand back. Nobody stood back, and then the officer's horse curvetted with that perfect gentleness and grace that the military horse always displays in a crowd; and this addition of a circus performance to the day's entertainment was immensely popular.

The scene, I say, had a domestic air, and who could doubt it when the Volunteers, who looked amazingly well and strong, most of them, caught sight of their relations and friends in windows, and greeted them with a frank simplicity that would have made a military disciplinarian gasp? Joyful cries of "That's him!" (who cares about grammar on these occasions?) burst from the benches around me. One little group became greatly excited, and shouted "Harry!" with an accompaniment of whirling handkerchiefs and umbrellas. Harry had halted in the march right opposite the window, and gazed perversely in every direction but the right one, until there was really a horrible possibility that he would march on and never see the radiant faces that were straining towards him. I felt indignant with the young man, and was about to bawl, "Harry, you absurd young donkey of a manly warrior, why don't you look this way?" when he caught sight of his people, and then—well, I have never seen such a delighted smile spread over the features of any human being. He waved his hand; he touched a comrade's arm, and proudly pointed out the little group that belonged to Harry. The comrade, I noticed, smiled rather absently, for his eye was roving round without finding any glances that shone and sparkled especially for him. But Harry was absorbed in his own private felicity, and in a pantomime that indicated his personal well-being; and when he marched on again he made a gesture so eloquent of wholesome thirst that the crowd broke into an appreciative roar.

From one point of view the appearance of the Volunteers may have been a little disappointing. They were too spick-and-span. Their new uniforms robbed them of the war-worn air that alone could satisfy the imagination. It is said that they were mostly in rags when they quitted the field. London would have prized those rags. There would have been still more sympathy if we could have seen the men before all trace of privation had yielded to the magic of double rations and a sea voyage. Is there any exaggerated sentiment in all this? Here and there I read that we are in danger of making too much of these civilians who obeyed a special call of public spirit, and set out to learn the real soldiering of active service. I fancy that the Volunteers take a sufficiently modest view of their own achievements, and are a little embarrassed by the prodigious welcome we have given them. It is not a proclamation that we regard them as the equals of disciplined veterans; it is simply a recognition that they, and their fellow-Volunteers of other regiments, have served their country, and offered a notable stimulus to other citizens to do likewise in a similar emergency.

Blessed is the humorist (for choice, the unconscious humorist) in a great popular gathering! Music is no use, when the bandmen cannot breathe in the scrimmage, and the drummer has no elbow-room. The man who kept the crowd in order with the low comedy that it loves, and prevented it from submerging the police for lack of something better to do in the hours of waiting, was a benevolent gentleman standing in his doorway, protected by a low iron gate and a wooden barrier. Perceiving ladies, old and young, in considerable distress, he invited them in, and the manner of their entering diverted everybody for a good half-hour, just when the pressure was most critical, and the Lusbies of the Honourable Artillery—those bearskins which are as antiquated as the morions of Wallenstein's troopers—were bobbing helplessly on the surface of the tide. No one but an acrobat could have sealed that barrier with grace. The philanthropist in the doorway did not exact graceful deportment from his new visitors; he just bundled them in head first as if

they were so many parcels. One pair of heels after another trembled in the air, and vanished into this haven, followed by a storm of applause. The hero of this episode is, I believe, an advertising agent, or somebody in his employ. May his clients multiply exceedingly, and may he, or his representative who did such admirable service in the City of London, receive a medal from the Lord Mayor!

Sir Wemyss Reid, writing in the *Anglo-Saxon Review*, pays a tribute to the London cabmen. He says that if we had known the cabs and cabmen of forty years ago we should have a high opinion of their successors. "The cabs! Even now one shudders at the thought of the 'four-wheeler' of the 'sixties—its discomfort, its dirt, its dangerous ricketyness, and its unspeakable driver!" A habit which has grown upon me lately of nursing one foot with peculiar tenderness has given me a new insight into the "four-wheeler" of to-day; and upon my word, I have sometimes fancied myself in a brougham! The cab moves at quite a surprising speed, without the slightest jolting, and the driver has a faded gentility, a kind of melancholy good breeding, that takes any recompense you like to offer, and makes no comment. I have sometimes been depressed by this silent acquiescence, and tempted to exclaim, "Base is the slave who pays the cabman his legal fare!"

Even the hansom cabman has his moments of depression. A correspondent writes to me: "Have you noticed that cabmen, and everybody whose business it is to ride in cabs, have a deadly enemy? Sir, this is the Pedestrian. If I were compiling a dictionary, I should define a Pedestrian as a person who loiters across a street in mere bravado, to annoy his fellow-citizens who are not on foot. He looks at you, as the shaft of your hansom grazes his shoulder, and this look says plainly, 'I'm as good as you—run over me if you dare!' Sir, my sympathies are entirely democratic, and I think no more highly of myself in a cab than when I am trudging on the pavement. But what do you think of a man who saunters over a roadway simply to make himself a nuisance to the cabman, the horse, and the unfortunate citizen who is wondering whether he shall be in time for his appointment or his train, or whether he must miss one or the other, and carry a mangled body to the nearest hospital? For, of course, should my cab run over the Pedestrian, I shall be denounced as an unfeeling brute if I don't pick him up and take him to have his injuries repaired."

I recommend my correspondent to flit about the town in a motor-car, for nothing commands so much respect in loitering citizens, except a fire-engine. But he should beware of hasty conclusions as to the motives of the Pedestrian, who, in this introspective age, cannot cross the street without dropping deep into thought. I know people who never think unless they are in a crowd; and when they are grazed by the shaft of a hansom, they look up not with reproach, but with the nervousness of a startled fawn. If this theory be erroneous, is it not better to err than to run the risk of misjudging your neighbour? I have felt very humble in this regard since I read the will of Lord Russell of Killowen, and the statement of a close personal friend of his as to the curious misconception that hung over his private life for many years. He was fond of cards, and therefore gossip set him down as a gambler who was always on the verge of ruin. Overwhelmed by debt, it was said, he could not have taken the office of Lord Chief Justice but for the befriending generosity of a well-known solicitor who always contrived to raise the wind. Perfectly aware of the repute that the world had so kindly provided for him, Lord Russell ignored it; and now we know the value of the stories that were certified by chapter and verse in every smoking-room; for the ruined gambler, who was dependent on a faithful friend for social salvation, has left a fortune of £150,000.

I wonder whether the people who told the stories I have heard so often—not idle tattlers, but grave and reverend signiors, who professed to know the affairs of the Lord Chief Justice as well as they knew their own—are abashed by this revelation. Lord Russell neither lost nor made money at cards; but he amassed a fortune by sheer hard work in his profession. The card-table simply amused his leisure, as it amused the leisure of a certain statesman of our own time, who is now dead. He held an important office in a most critical period, when not only his public credit, but even his life was at stake; and yet he would walk into a club, and play cards for money with a friend, or even with a stranger if no friend chanced to be there. He would find out if any player were on the premises, and then a waiter would be charged with a message: "Mr. —'s compliments, Sir, and will you be good enough to join him in the card-room?" On one occasion a friend of mine played piquet with him, won £150, received a cheque on the spot, and, taking up a Bradshaw, planned a nice little Continental holiday, to be enjoyed with the winnings. And yet that distinguished statesman neglected no duty and forfeited no esteem; for, curiously enough, the world never called him a gambler, and his bitterest political enemy never suspected those games of piquet many an afternoon before he went down to the House.

THE WELCOME TO THE C.I.V.

The City Imperial Volunteers had two welcomes from London: one on Saturday in intention, and the second on Monday in effect. The *Aurania* was expected to be found lying under Netley Hospital on Saturday morning. People were astir early to see her and to hail her gallant passengers, who had left comfort and ease at home, some in the black days of last January, others in June, to take their part in the carrying-through of an unexpectedly arduous and life-costing campaign. But the *Aurania* was not there. Not till eight o'clock had she passed Prawle Point. This was bad news, not for baulked sightseers at Southampton only, but for all London. The wish that the *Aurania* should arrive on so convenient a day as Saturday had apparently been father to the thought; for pilots, tug-boat officers, and the like, all expected her in Southampton Water when, in fact, she did arrive—at four in the afternoon. The tug *Ajar*, laden with Press correspondents, went out to meet the *Aurania*. With them was also Colonel the Earl of Albemarle in his C.I.V. uniform, naturally anxious to be among the first to welcome the men of his command, whom he had preceded home, invalided. Beyond Calshot Castle, a black hull with red funnels, and with a stung list to starboard, was descried. That was the belated and much expected *Aurania*, and a few minutes afterwards the *Ajar* was alongside of her. There, on the boat-deck, were the officers, Colonel Mackinnon, Colonel Cholmondeley, Captain Bailey, Captain Schomberg McDonnell, Captain Shipley, Captain Matthey, and a score besides. Below, on the promenade deck, were the men, with many impatient questions, and not with wholly patient replies when they heard that they were to lie off Netley till Monday morning, and that no visitors would be allowed on board. The tidings were spread in the streets of London, where people were early astir, shops closed, barricades and stands erected along the line of route, and flags everywhere flying. "The show's off!" was the message spread; but, whatever the disappointment, there was no ill-temper. On the contrary, people felt that they were having two festivals instead of one, and that Saturday's rehearsal doubled the joys of Monday's completed part.

It seems impossible that, on any other day, a greater crowd than Monday's could have been got together. It was so overwhelming—a literal million—that the line of the procession was twice interfered with, the reception by the Lord Mayor at Temple Bar was perforce abandoned, and the entry at St. Paul's was two hours behind time. Punctuality ruled over the arrival at Paddington of the various trains bearing the C.I.V. There they were duly met by horses for their guns, and by guns also, in place of their own, which had not yet come to hand. Addresses of welcome from the Paddington and Marylebone Vestries, delivered in the station, did not detain the procession from setting forth at one o'clock. Down Edgware Road, through the Marble Arch, which opened wide its usually closed royal portal to receive them, along Piccadilly, down St. James's Street, past Marlborough House, where the Prince of Wales applauded them, along Pall Mall, the Strand, Fleet Street, and up Ludgate Hill to St. Paul's, the City's heroes passed to the accompaniment of a cheer that travelled with them as they went. The twenty minutes which the mile-long thread of khaki took in its passage before each point gave onlookers time to remark the splendid physique of the men, their capital condition, their martial bearing, their bronzed complexions. Still, if there were a few injured braves, who still required a "lift" from the ambulance-wagons, the cheering only grew into a louder roar, and the handkerchiefs of ladies waved more wildly. The many points of vantage placed at the disposal of relatives of the C.I.V., including the balcony of Mr. and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts's house in Piccadilly, were, of course, centres of exceptional interest and emotion. Here and there cigarettes and other friendly missiles were thrown at this or that friend in the ranks; and at one point, near to Temple Bar, a woman broke through the lines, and, greatly daring, embraced the hero of her heart. At about that time, too, but by no means in self-protection, the C.I.V. fixed their bayonets—a privilege which belongs to them, and to very few besides them, in marching through the inviolate City. At this point, too, the pressure of the crowd was the most severe, and amidst the pushing and panic the ambulance corps at work in the thoroughfares had to make use of their appliances in more than a thousand cases, several of them fatal ones. The sixty-foot fall of a man deserves a record among the chances and accidents of life; for he killed a woman on whom he fell and then himself rose and walked away. Arrived at St. Paul's, the men took part in an appropriate service conducted by the Bishop of Stepney, and then proceeded along Cheapside to the Guildhall, where they were received by the Lord Mayor and the Corporation, and heard from General Trotter the Army Order expressing the thanks of the Commander-in-Chief. The banquet at the quarters of the Honourable Artillery Company at Finsbury brought the day to a fitting close. Between two and three thousand guests sat down under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, and heard Lord Wolseley associate with the enthusiastic welcome of London to her citizen-soldiers the name of the Queen.

CHINA AND SOUTH AFRICA.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

The Anglo-German Agreement has been received with varying degrees of cordiality by the remaining Powers, and, so far, has not affected the military situation. At the same time the reply of Russia betrays some pique, and it is becoming clearer every day that, in spite of the recent official disclaimer, many well-placed and well-informed Russians were a few weeks ago fully under the impression that Manchuria had been annexed to the Czar's dominions. It is also somewhat curious that, since the publication of the Agreement, there should have been a notable recrudescence of military activity on the part of Russia in a region which was understood to be almost completely pacified. Experience of Muscovite diplomacy justifies the inference that possibly, at no distant date, Russia will forcibly represent the hopelessness of maintaining order in Manchuria, unless she is allowed to administer the province as well as to overrun it with her ruthless troops. If England and Germany stand loyally to their Agreement, Manchuria must in the long run prove a most serious bone of political, if not of military, contention.

That gallant and straightforward soldier-diplomatist Sir Claude MacDonald has left Peking, his place being taken by Sir Ernest Satow. Sir Alfred Gaselee is returning to Peking with the British force which he took to Pao-tung-fu, and as telegraphic communication between Peking and Tientsin has been restored, there is no reason why the Legation Guards should not spend a fairly cheery and comfortable winter at the former centre.

The local results of the Pao-tung-fu expedition appear to have been largely neutralised, partly by the previous arrival on the scene of the small French force which preceded the converging columns, and partly by the undue leniency of the Allied commanders towards the local authorities. Only an ineffective military promenade of about 300 men through the town was permitted, the impression given being that this was carried out at the invitation of the Chinese themselves. Very possibly, however, the return of the various contingents by separate routes will produce a better and more lasting influence upon, at any rate, such "Boxers" as are encountered en route.

An expedition consisting of about 1000 Germans, Russians, and French left Tientsin on Oct. 24, the Germans going to Liang-ho-hien, and the Russians and French to Pao-ki. The object was to protect the right flank of the line of communications between Tientsin and Peking from a strong force of "Boxers," which had taken up a position about forty miles to the east of the latter. The expedition returned four days later, the "Boxers" having dispersed without offering any opposition.

Both in the Yangtze region and in the Southern provinces the military situation is growing more and more serious. In the latter the rebellion is said to be developing into a mere "murderous orgie," while on the Yangtze the Chinese troops are diligently drilling and practising musketry under foreign-trained instructors, and stores of arms and ammunition continue to be forwarded in large quantities from this quarter to the Imperial Court at Sian, notwithstanding the supposed friendliness of the Yangtze Viceroy towards the Allied Powers.

SOUTH AFRICA.

While London has been welcoming the City Imperial Volunteers with a burst of very genuine enthusiasm, and Canada is preparing to do similar honour to her own gallant representatives on their approaching arrival, guerrilla warfare continues in South Africa, and fresh returns of killed, wounded, and captured continue to sadden the readers of the daily papers. The Orange River Colony is infested by particularly determined gangs of marauders, among whose recent successes have been the temporary occupation of Philippolis and Jacobsdal. The former was at the mercy of the Boers from Oct. 18 to Oct. 24, while the latter was entered by the enemy during the night of Oct. 25. In both cases treachery on the part of the inhabitants was indicated, and has been suitably punished by the relieving forces. Boer raiding has also taken place near Vryburg.

On the other hand, two notable successes have been scored by Generals Barton and Knox against the "unquitting De Wet," as Lord Roberts pleasantly calls his most troublesome antagonist. On Oct. 23 Barton, who had been harassed for some days by De Wet's attentions, attacked him near Fredericksdorp with half a battalion of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and three companies of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, supported by guns and mounted troops. The Boers had twenty-four killed, nineteen wounded, and twenty-six taken prisoners; our own casualties, which were also severe, included Captain Baillie and twelve men of the Royal Scots Fusiliers killed. In his retreat, De Wet was "caught" by Knox at Rensburg Drift on the Vaal, and was very severely handled. He left two guns and three wagons in our hands, and our own casualties were fortunately nil.

In the Lydenburg and Zeerust districts also the Boers have been taught wholesome lessons. Kitchener has captured a laager near Krugerspoort, and on Oct. 25 Methuen and Douglas dispersed a party of Boers near Zeerust, who left behind them six dead and wounded, twenty-eight prisoners, and a large number of cattle. French is steadily continuing his march from Bethel, and expected to reach Heidelberg on Oct. 26.

The ceremony of proclaiming the annexation of the Transvaal was performed at Pretoria on Oct. 25, and passed off most successfully. An impressive parade was held, and 6200 troops marched past, "all looking," in the words of Lord Roberts, "in the best of health and most workmanlike." Scotland and Ireland, as well as England and the Colonies, were specially represented, and so would Wales have been but for the fact that the Royal Welsh Fusiliers happened to be otherwise busily engaged in "adding fresh laurels to its splendid reputation." Another important feature of the ceremony was the presence of some Basuto chiefs, who were evidently much impressed, and begged that their expressions of loyalty might be communicated to the Queen.

Presumably the proclamation of annexation will be followed by a sterner attitude towards marauders, who now come under the category of rebels, and are liable when captured to very summary and conclusive treatment.

LORD SALISBURY'S CABINET-MAKING.

Without any fuss, and with no noise of his own making in the street, Lord Salisbury has set to work at that most delicate task of all political carpentry—the construction of a new Cabinet. Personal claims and public claims are not always in accord on these occasions; and the Prime Minister has to exercise the genius of adjustment. The juggling-away of a battered plank here and there is not always an easy feat without injury to the whole structure; and the insertion of a new board, not quite seasoned, is sometimes followed by that most regrettable incident—a sudden shrinkage. Sand-paper has to be used in these ceremonies—not always very ceremoniously; and there needs to be oil—the oil of an Honours List—for certain creaking hinges. Still, as such processes go, Lord Salisbury has had for once a rather unusually easy experience. Parliament has come back to Westminster very much as it went, and the Cabinet will follow suit. Mr. Goschen's retirement from the Admiralty has necessitated some sort of reconstruction; but the nominal placing by other Ministers of their portfolios in the hands of the Prime Minister has not meant much more than a formality. Men who have been useful in this or that capacity, and have an experience in it not very easily acquired, cannot profitably be shuffled merely for the sake of novelty. The appointment of Ministers is not a Game of Post—in the play-room sense of the term at any rate.

About Lord Salisbury's own position rumour has, of course, been alert. One Government paper, in very big type and in very big words, began the week by announcing that the Prime Minister's visit to Balmoral had now made it possible to divulge that the dual post of Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary was still to be held by Lord Salisbury, who, in consenting to the double part, had not consulted his own feelings, but the good of the nation. Two days later, another paper, also a supporter of the Government, contained the quite contrary announcement that Lord Salisbury was to be Prime Minister only and the Foreign Office would have Lord Lansdowne as its head. Under such rearrangement the filling-up of the War Office becomes a serious occupation for the political clubs. Meanwhile, Lord Salisbury, in reply to an invitation to Manchester in December, has written a very prudent, if not very exhilarating, letter to Sir J. W. Maclure, M.P., in which he asks that the suggestion may be made for a less rigorous season. "Constant attacks of influenza during the last few years," he says, "have made me specially liable to it; and so long as I have official work to do, I am bound to take every precaution to prevent it."

THE PLAYHOUSES.

THE RIVAL GERMAN PLAYS AT THE COMEDY AND ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

Whether there exists in London a Teutonic colony large enough to support rival German plays and players remains to be seen, but, at least, both the German Theatre at the Comedy and the German Dramatic Society at St. George's Hall have so far provided a capital programme. The latter association was first in the field with revivals of "Ghosts" and "Sodom's Ende," and with Ludwig Gruber's less familiar melodrama (once Volstüek) of religious conflict in a Bavarian village, "Der Pfarrer von Kirchfeld." In this last, as in Benedix's "Die Zärtlichen Verwandten," Herr Schönfeld, rightly self-styled actor manager, found good histrionic opportunities. Still, quite the finest acting presented at St. George's Hall came from Herr Kirch, a player whose scholarly Hamlet and strenuous Othello should make our English "tragedians" look to their laurels. But it is at the Comedy, and by Hauptmann's sombre domestic drama, "Fuhrmann Henschel," that London playgoers have been most deeply impressed. This grim tragedy of an unhappy second marriage, with its clever suggestion of a dead wife's ghostly influence, its faithful picture of German peasant-life a generation ago, makes a play fully worthy of serious attention, despite its protracted length and its feeble conclusion (the husband's suicide), the more so as Fraulein Euler as the dying wife, Fraulein Dora as the cruel servant who usurps her place, and especially Herr Behrend as the rugged workman-hero, interpreted their author's intentions with realistic sincerity.

A FLEET STREET COINCIDENCE.

It is a striking fact that the first and the last of our great English dictionaries have both come from the world's avenue of letters. In the year 1747 Dr. Samuel Johnson addressed to Lord Chesterfield his "Plan for a dictionary of the English language"—which afterwards was largely prepared in Gough Square, Fleet Street—and promised its completion in three years at a cost of £1575. In his great work, Dr. Johnson had the assistance of but six amanuenses, a few works of reference, and "a person then unknown" (the Bishop of Rochester), who sent in a paper containing twenty etymologies. Dr. Johnson's dictionary contained about fifty thousand defined terms—a marvellous vocabulary for a century and a half ago.

Now, in the year 1900, there appears the advance Twentieth Century Edition of the new Standard Dictionary from the Messrs. Funk and Wagnall's publishing company in "Ye Olde Mitre Court," one of the favourite resorts of Johnson and Shakspeare, now numbered 44, Fleet Street. Its expense in preparation exceeded £200,000, making it the costliest literary production ever accomplished. Dr. Isaac K. Funk, as the editor-in-chief, has had for more than ten years the assistance of such an editorial corps as has never before been gathered together. For years 250 experts in the English language, representing every department of human knowledge, were engaged in the compilation of the Standard Dictionary. 500 readers were employed in searching for new words and fresh illustrative quotations; and hundreds of clever artists, amanuenses, and other skilled assistants were employed. The Standard Dictionary contains 304,000 terms, the largest vocabulary ever printed. Luckily, *The Illustrated London News* can supply this work to its readers at a remarkably low price, details of which offer will be found on another page.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Church Missionary Society has never had a more admirable worker than Miss Irene Petrie, whose life has been written by her sister, Mrs. Ashley Curus-Wilson. The writer of the biography has for some years lived with her husband in Canada, but until her marriage she was well known in London educational circles. Her "Cleps to Holy Writ" has had a great success, and is still in many homes a text-book of Bible study. I remember hearing an interesting debate on Home Rule between Miss Orme and Miss L. M. G. Petrie. Miss Orme, as might have been expected, was strongly in favour of Mr. Gladstone's Bill, but Miss Petrie upheld the Conservative side. The family were connected for many years with St. Mary Abbot's parish, Kensington.

The event of last week in the West country was the great missionary and colonial exhibition at Taunton, which was opened by the Bishop of Bath and Wells. Thousands of exhibits were collected from all parts of the world, and the result must have been greatly to stimulate interest in missions. The chief attraction of the exhibition was the lecture delivered by the Rev. W. H. Weekes, Rector of Mafeking.

The beautiful little village of Grayshott, near Hindhead, is now provided with a church of its own. The new building has been erected almost entirely of stone taken in the neighbourhood, and has cost about £8000. It has been consecrated by the Bishop of Winchester.

The *Church Times* has a sympathetic notice of the late Professor Shuttleworth. The writer believes that his energy and determination to pull through every task which he attempted, undermined, in the end, his physical strength. He was worn out at an age when most men are in their prime. The *Church Times* regrets that the late Professor's interest in social questions removed him somewhat from his original position as a devoted High Churchman.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Temple have returned to Canterbury, and will remain in residence at the new Palace until after Christmas.

Canon Wilberforce has been suffering from a severe bronchial attack, and has been obliged to abandon several engagements. He is now steadily recovering.

The Rev. H. Russell Wakefield, Rector of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, will again stand as a candidate for the School Board. Although keenly interested in education, he found that the work of the Board became too heavy, and decided instead to stand for the Marylebone Borough Council. Mr. Wakefield is a Liberal, but along with his progressive colleagues came before the electors as a non-political candidate.

On All Saints' Day a memorial effigy of the late Dean Vaughan will be unveiled in Llandaff Cathedral.

The new Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, in succession to Prebendary Harry Jones, is Dr. Perowne, Master of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and brother of the Bishop of Worcester. V.

DEATH.

While leading his men, mortally wounded in action with the Mahsud Waziris, near Jandola, Northern Frontier, India, on Oct. 23, 1900, and died shortly after, John Arthur Cammell Hennessey, Lieutenant Indian Staff Corps, 45th (Rattay's) Sikhs, only son of John B. N. and Eliza Hennessey, just twenty-one years of age. He was a loving and beloved son, of sterling and rare worth, and was highly esteemed by many friends.

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OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

DEATH OF PRINCE CHRISTIAN VICTOR.

News of the death of Prince Christian Victor, eldest son of Prince and Princess Christian, and a soldier of good experience and great promise, was received in London on Monday afternoon. He was gazetted just a year ago for special service in South Africa, and was appointed an Extra Aide-de-Camp to Lord Roberts three months ago. His illness from enteric and malarial fever had been lately reported, but the news of his death, which reached his mother just as she was leaving Windsor to take part in London's welcome to the C.I.V., was quite unexpected. In the "Court Circular" of the same evening a paragraph-writer expressed the Queen's grief at the loss of "so dear a grandson," feelingly adding: "She suffers doubly in the grief of his afflicted parents and family, who were so devoted to him." The Prince, who was born under her Majesty's roof at Windsor Castle, was in his thirty-fourth year. When he was twenty-five he served with the Hazara Expedition as Orderly Officer to Major-General Elles, in command. In the Miranzi Expedition he took part in the engagements at Sangar and Mastan. The Isazai Expedition followed, and he was in that also. When, in 1895, a force was sent to Ashanti against King Prempeh, the Prince volunteered his services and went out as Aide-de-Camp to Sir Francis Scott, the General in Command. He also served as Staff officer in the Soudan Expedition of 1898, and was present at the battle of Khartoum. His part in the Boer War had been no rose-water one. He had endured hardships and encountered dangers with the bravest and the hardest. At the last, fever assailed him, and he has been added to the roll-call of the illustrious dead in South Africa, just when, as the "Court Circular" says, "the Queen and all her family were looking forward to his happy return."

THE LATE MR. SIMS REEVES.

Mr. Sims Reeves died on Thursday evening last week at Worthing, where he had taken up his residence, and where, until only the other day, he seemed to be in vigorous health. On Sunday last week he celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday, and caught the chill from the effects of which he passed peacefully away in his sleep.

John Sims Reeves, the favourite of the public, who showed him by their final constancy a gratitude for past favours which had in it no hope of favours to come, was the son of a Royal Artillery Bandsman, and was born in barracks at Woolwich in the October of 1822. His first instructor of music was his father; and he early gave promise of the distinction he was afterwards to win as a singer on the operatic stage and the oratorio platform and in the concert-room. At the age of fourteen he was already organist and choir-master at the Kentish parish church of North Cray. At the same time he studied harmony and counterpoint under Hutchins Callcott, took pianoforte lessons from John Cramer, and learned to play the violin. Indeed, when he reached his twenty-first birthday there was hardly a wind or a stringed instrument upon which he could not properly sustain an orchestral part. His voice he kept in constant cultivation, beginning, before he was of age, as a baritone at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where his part was that of the Gipsy Boy in Henry Bishop's "Guy Mannerling," and undertaking, a few months later, a tenor rôle in Bellini's "La Sonnambula," an opera in which he was later to score one of his most brilliant successes. By 1840 he was fixed as a tenor, and, in that capacity, had employment, first at the Grecian Theatre, and then as one of Macready's company at Drury Lane. As the leader of the chorus of shepherds in Handel's *Masque of "Acis and Galatea"* he made his first appearance on those historic boards. As First Warrior he made his second success, singing the patriotic song, "Come, if you dare," which brings down the curtain at the close of the first act of Purcell's "King Arthur." His fame was already assured when, in 1843, he wisely went to Paris and took further lessons in vocalisation from Bordogni, and then proceeded to musical Milan, where he studied under Alberto Mazzucato. As a result, he appeared as first tenor at La Scala as Edgardo in Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," a part he repeated during the following months in half the great opera houses of Italy. In 1846 an engagement was signed and sealed binding Sims Reeves to sing leading parts at La Scala for two years, at a salary which made the Milanese Press declare that no foreign

singer had ever before secured so quick and complete a triumph in Italy.

Back again in Drury Lane, he at once took the town with "Fra poco," his singing of which has been pronounced by a high authority to be unequalled by that of any latter-day vocalist. His first appearance in Exeter Hall oratorio was in 1848, when "Judas Maccabeus" was one of the performances of sacred music organised, with excellent effect, by Mr. John Hullah. It was in 1849 that he thrilled a Norwich Festival audience by his superb rendering of "The Enemy said," from "Israel in Egypt." His connection with the city of Birmingham and with the London Sacred Harmonic Society also dates from the end of the 'forties, when his popularity was further increased by his appearances in "The Messiah," "Samson," "Elijah," and "St. Paul." In 1855 his fame was at its height when Michael Costa composed "Eli" and "Naaman" for him, scribbling in connection with the production of one of them, "In Paradise the angels do not sing better."

It is strange to remember that these triumphs, with the exception of the last, date back for full fifty years. Singers are not, as a rule, great savers, and perhaps Sims Reeves did not feel that his own particular efforts in that

record of long pontificates and in falsifying the prophecy, "Thou shalt not see the years of Peter"—that is, twenty-four years as Bishop of Rome; but he has seen as many as twenty-two. The audiences have succeeded each other, nevertheless, through the whole year, the hottest months only excepted. The Pope is carried hither and thither. The formality is not oppressive. Pilgrims from afar are not expected to be in gala dress, though such a simple rule as that which imposes on women the wearing a black lace headgear is very strictly observed.

The Porta Santa, or Holy Door, is one of the five great doors into St. Peter's, the one which is nearest to the Vatican and which is walled up except in Jubilee years. Since Leo XII., in 1825, opened it with a silver pickaxe and all ceremony, it had been closed until Leo XIII. similarly cleared the passage last Christmas Eve. Like the King's Gate in Jerusalem, it is never opened except on specified occasions. The central gateway of our own Marble Arch, opened only for the Queen and the C.I.V., may be cited in further illustration. Pilgrims in old days knelt and kissed the ground of the Holy City on their first approach. Now they steam into a railway-station, which is not even a terminus, and has to be labelled Roma. The platform does not lend itself to sentiment, nor do the pavements outside. But the threshold of St. Peter's, when the Holy Door offers to pilgrims its infrequent welcome, supplies the ground for an obeisance which dates back for at least five hundred years.

SKETCHES IN ASHANTI.

The powerful black kingdom of the West of Africa, which was the subject of one of our more important little wars twenty-seven years ago, gave much matter for description and sketches, being then a novelty. Frightful rumours of the massacres and the fevers of Kumasi had reached the ears of civilisation long before British troops broke through the forest and marched under the arches of bamboo to burn that pestilential little capital in punishment for Ashanti aggression, and found the worst things that had been described to be no worse than the truth. West African kingdoms change little, and twenty-seven years have small influence upon their immemorial savagery. The sketches show the people as they are, little disturbed by the house and chapel set up in the camp of the English, and carrying on their business placidly enough in commerce with the invader, under the shade of the wonderful Ashanti vegetation. The trees shown in the larger illustration are by no means exaggerated in their extraordinary length of stem; other kinds throw out buttresses at their roots; and the bamboos make cunning ambush with their dark roof to secret paths. It is this manner of stealthy approach that Europeans learn to beware of after a single experience.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA.

Chinese warfare has effaced of late the interest of Europe in the affairs of Chinese agriculture, Chinese commerce, and all the internal affairs of that remote and enormous region. The "Boxers," the dismal streets of the capital, the miles of walls, the coming and going of a multitude of busy and joyless people, are all strange facts of the central and metropolitan life which has had so terrible an upheaval; but the eyes of travellers and the imaginations of the untravelled have gone wandering along the junk-bearing rivers, the waterways of the Yellow Empire. Of the Chinese cultivation of fields we have had more than one account from the Californian and from the Australian, who have alike watched with mixed feelings his minute but successful methods with early vegetables and other profitable produce. At home the Chinaman is equally industrious, intent, and imperturbable. Picturesque his country hardly looks, once the strangeness of the type and costume has grown familiar. The illustrations give representative examples of farm-land and river-traffic. And some idea of the alien aspect that Western things wear in China may be gained from the contrasting pictures that show two interiors of the British Legation at Peking. Our Indian troops—Oriental as they are—are no more akin to China than are the architecture of this English chapel and the fittings of this English dining-table. Of late China has presented in other respects scenes of international life with a fullness that is the absolute inversion of its past traditions. It has been tramped by an army of Allies more representative than any that has been brought together within living memory. When Shanghai turned out to welcome Count von Waldersee, the note of the function was precisely its cosmopolitanism—vessels of war and uniforms of soldiers from all parts of the civilised world.



Photo. Russell.

HIS LATE HIGHNESS THE PRINCE CHRISTIAN VICTOR OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

direction had been very handsomely rewarded when, in 1869, he lost £11,000 through the failure of a bank. It was a fiasco; but the next day he buckled on his armour and sang the principal part in "The Prodigal Son" (there was a certain irony in the coincidence) at the Worcester Festival. The record of his various and varied parts is too extensive to be set forth at length. His latest public appearances were at Ballad Concerts in St. James's Hall and Queen's Hall in 1897 and 1899. The public gave him on those occasions a welcome that was in all senses reminiscent of his past—of the days when the *Edinburgh Review* declared that "Sims Reeves had written his name beneath that of Handel in the golden book of musical renown."

PAPAL AUDIENCES OF THE HOLY YEAR.

Leo XIII., distinguished even in his polished and priestly court by a great dignity of manner, receives the members of his flock of so many races with a demeanour that is nothing except simply fatherly. At public audiences and private it is alike sincere, plain, conscientious, the manner of a man consciously living his last days under a tremendous responsibility, and full of goodwill to the men and women, laity and ecclesiastics, who have obeyed his call to come to Rome to close the century and take leave of the Pope. In spite of his great age—ninety-two years—Leo XIII. has not yet followed his younger predecessor in breaking the

PERSONAL.

At a meeting of the late Lord Chief Justice's friends, held under the presidency of the Lord Chancellor at the House of Lords the other afternoon, a Russell memorial was decided upon in the shape of a seated statue for the Law Courts, and a portrait by Mr. John Sargent, R.A., for the National Portrait Gallery. London is not very happy in its statues, the majority of which some Utopian County Council may be counted upon to clear away. But Mr. Justice Mathew said that the Judges were bent upon this feature of the memorial, and as the Judges formed the majority of the meeting, the proposition was accepted with good grace, and with Lord Rosebery's excellent postscript about a portrait which will, at any rate, combine the personal interest with the requirements of connoisseurs of art.

The American Society in London are organising a banquet for Thanksgiving Day. Among their guests are to be the American Ambassador and Mrs. Choate, the Speaker and Mrs. Gully, and the new Lord Chief Justice.

Sir James Stirling, the new Lord of Appeal, is a native of Aberdeen, where he was born in 1836, being the son of the Rev. James Stirling, minister of the United Presbyterian Church. Educated first at the Grammar School and University of Aberdeen, he proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was Senior Wrangler and First Smith's Prizeman, and took his M.A. degree in 1863. A year previously he had been called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn. His first practice was that of a Conveyancer and Equity Draughtsman, and he was appointed one of the Junior Counsel to the Treasury in 1881. He was knighted in 1886, and has acted since that date as Judge of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice. The new Lord of Appeal married, in 1868, Abby, daughter of Mr. J. T. Renton, of Bradstone Brook, Shalford, Surrey.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
SIR JAMES STIRLING,
New Lord Justice of Appeal.

Sir Claude MacDonald has gone direct to Japan. It is a pity, perhaps, that he could not manage a visit to England, where he would undoubtedly have had a greeting of more than common warmth from the man in the street. Sir Claude may not be a diplomatist; but any of the doubts on that point which are now said to overshadow him in Downing Street would not interfere with the popular recognition of his devotion and his anxieties at a time of stress more terrible than almost any other from which a group of English men and women have managed to emerge alive.

Professor H. C. Shuttleworth died in King's College Hospital on Wednesday last week. He had suffered for a year from a lingering form of typhoid fever, and his death, at the age of fifty, removes one of the most active and popular figures from the ranks of the London clergy. A native of Cornwall, where his father had a vicarage, he was educated at Walthamstow, and then at St. Mary Hall, Oxford, where he held the Dyke Scholarship and won the Nowell Prize, graduating with a second class in theology in 1873. His musical taste and talent, no less than his general ability, served him in his clerical career, which began with a curacy at St. Barnabas, Oxford, and went on to a minor canonry, first of Christ Church Cathedral, then of St. Paul's. Other spheres of usefulness he made his own, as Secretary of the Young Men's Friendly Society, and as Lecturer on Pastoral and Liturgical Theology at King's College. Seven years ago he accepted the living of St. Nicholas-Cole-Abbey, where he attracted Sunday congregations in the midst of the depopulated city, and where, on week-days, he had daily services, and delivered addresses on subjects usually reserved for secular halls. Canon Shuttleworth, who founded the Shuttleworth Club for workers in the City, was a strong Liberal in politics, and was sometimes called, though rather incongruously, a Christian Socialist. He leaves a widow and a young family.

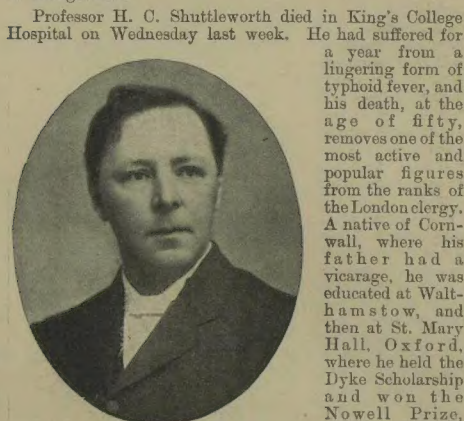


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE CANON SHUTTLEWORTH,
Rector of St. Nicholas-Cole-Abbey.

Lord Justice Romer, Sir David Richmond, Dr. Church, and Professor Cunningham, of the South African Hospital Commission, reached England last Saturday evening. They came on the *Kinfauns Castle*. Lady Romer and Lady Richmond accompanied their husbands, and among other fellow-passengers were Lord Dudley, nine of the C.I.V., who were delighted to find themselves still in time for the London procession, and also some sixty "undesirables" sent home from South Africa.

Sir Harry Langhorne Thompson, K.C.M.G., the new Administrator of St. Lucia in succession to Sir Charles King-Harman, is the eldest son of the Right Hon. Sir Ralph Thompson, K.C.B., and was born in London forty-three years ago. He was educated at Winchester, and began his public career in 1879 as Assistant-Commissioner, and, subsequently, as Commissioner, of Paphos. In 1892 he became Chief Secretary to the Government of Cyprus, and in 1895 Administrator of St. Vincent, West Indies. Sir Harry married, in 1894, Ellinor Flora, daughter of Mr. R. Bosworth Smith, of Harrow, and Bingham's Melcombe, Dorset.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
SIR HARRY L. THOMPSON, K.C.M.G.,
New Administrator of St. Lucia.

Mrs. Creighton has been addressing a few words of admonition to the young persons of her own sex who—as seen from Lambeth Palace—make pleasure the business of their lives, determined to "have a good time of it" at tennis, hockey, hunting, golf. That, after all, is the fortunate, or unfortunate, few among a sex that certainly bears its share of the world's burdens. Another lady hints that Dante would not have written some of his poetry if he had played hockey with Beatrice. But even this veiled threat is hardly likely to change the habits of the modern young lady devoted to sport. She would not much miss the lyre by which, for that matter, Beatrice was herself unmoved.

Sir George Chardin Denton, K.C.M.G., the new Administrator of Gambia in succession to Sir Robert Baxter Llewellyn, is forty-nine years of age. He is the son of the Rev. R. A. Denton, Rector of Stover Provost, Dorset, was educated at Rugby, and entered the 57th Regiment, in which he took his Captaincy in 1878. He then joined the Colonial service as Chief of Police at St. Vincent, became Colonial Secretary of Lagos, and Administrator, first of St. Vincent, and then of Lagos. His latest office has been that of Lieutenant-Governor and Permanent Colonial Secretary of Lagos. Sir George, who is a keen sportsman, married Jean Margaret Alan, daughter of Mr. Alan Stevenson, of Edinburgh.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
SIR G. C. DENTON, K.C.M.G.,
New Administrator of Gambia.

Mr. John Morley, who has been back in London this week, is still a little troubled by his throat complaint. Now that the "Cromwell" is finally off his hands, he hopes to make rapid progress with the Gladstone biography.

The Dean of Bristol, Dr. Pigou, has declined a pressing invitation to go to the United States on a preaching mission next Lent. It will be remembered that Dean Pigou had a somewhat serious illness not long ago, and he is probably reluctant to undertake the inevitable fatigue of an American tour.

Sir Cornelius Alfred Moloney, K.C.M.G., the new Governor of Trinidad in succession to Sir Hubert Jerningham, is fifty-two years of age. He was educated at Sandhurst, served in the Ashanti War in 1873-74, and successively, in later years, as Secretary of Gold Coast, Administrator of Gambia Settlement, Administrator of Lagos, Governor of British Honduras, and Governor of the Windward Islands. Sir Alfred, whose knighthood dates from 1890, married, three years ago, Frances, daughter of Mr. H. Owen Lewis, D.L., at one time M.P. for Carlisle.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
SIR C. A. MOLONEY, K.C.M.G.,
New Governor of Trinidad.

Sir Theodore Martin, who is eighty-four years of age and has an honoured name, says that he will not go to Miss Marie Corelli "to learn reverence for Shakespeare's resting-place or any other sacred thing." This statement is called forth by some letters of the lady, published in the Press; and they, in turn, were in comment on a project for placing a memorial to the late Lady Martin (Helen Faucit) in the chancel of the church at Stratford-on-Avon. That a medallion of the modern impersonator of Shakespeare's heroines should face Shakespeare's bust is denounced as a sacrilege. The argument, carried far enough, would give fine scope for iconoclasts in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's, for instance. That being so, the application of humiliating comparisons seems arbitrary when applied to a single case. By all means keep the chancel at Stratford-on-Avon as empty as possible of all memorials except that of Shakespeare; and this not for Shakespeare's sake so much as for that of the companions in effigy whom he obscures. At the same time an arrangement could surely be made without any breach of public or private courtesy; and Sir Theodore Martin, who has contributed £500 to the Restoration Fund of the church, should not be reviled as a desecrator by persons whose interest in the place never led them to contribute a shilling to its maintenance or repair.

Mr. John Frederick Peel Rawlinson, Q.C., who has been appointed Commissioner of Cambridge University in succession to the late Mr. Forsyth, Q.C., is not new to the University or to the town. Born in 1860, he is the youngest son of the late Sir C. Rawlinson, Chief Justice of Madras. After leaving Eton, he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his LL.B. and LL.M., was Prizeman in Common Law, and First Class Law Tripos. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1884, went on the South-Eastern Circuit, and was for some time Lecturer and Examiner in Law at Pembroke College, Cambridge. He appeared for the University eight or nine years ago in the trials connected with the Spinning House; and has been Recorder of Cambridge since 1898. His outside experiences included an inquiry in South Africa into the circumstances connected with the Jameson Raid, which he undertook as a representative of the Treasury. That was in 1896, and in the following year he took silk.

The Queen will leave Balmoral on the afternoon of Nov. 9, and arrive at Windsor for breakfast the next morning.

General Lord Chelmsford, who has been appointed to succeed Earl Howe as Colonel of the 2nd Life Guards, is in his seventy-fourth year. In two South African Campaigns, which are now ancient history, he had his share—the Kaffir War and the Zulu War.

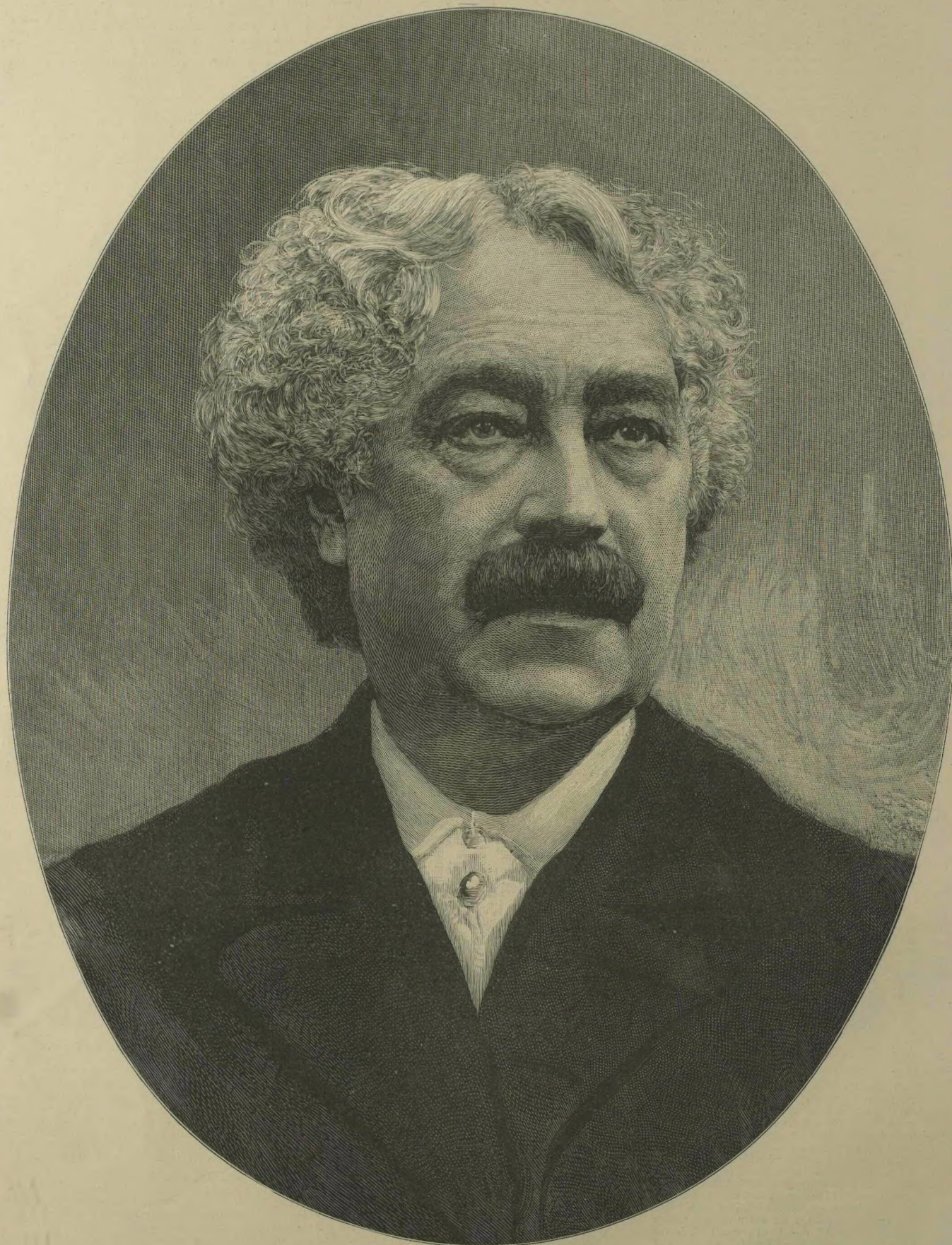
Count von Bülow, who succeeds Prince Hohenlohe in the German Chancellorship, is a believer in the policy of continuity. He is not likely, therefore, to make any revolutions, not even any revelations. After Bismarck came conventional reticences, and Prince Hohenlohe leaves his post without a breath to dim the brilliants on the insignia of the Black Eagle the Emperor has sent to him. If he ever said, "I am not a colonial man," as some report of him, he did not say it in public, and there is no ground for thinking that the new Chancellor is any more keen than the old one as to a "forward" movement in China. Count von Bülow is one of the most cautious and sagacious of living statesmen; and as German Ambassador at the Quirinal, and in other diplomatic appointments, he has given proof of his possession of the kind of talent that will prove of particular value to him in his new and immensely onerous position.

The late Lord Russell of Killowen was the victim, all through life, of endless rumours about his losses on the Turf, his losses at cards, and his consequent pecuniary embarrassments. Such statements came under his notice again and again, repeated by friends, and sometimes conveyed by more than hints in print. He decided to ignore them, and, in every sense of the word, could afford to do so. His will has now been offered for proof, and the gossips who used to say, on the best authority, that he was financed by a syndicate of Jews, will learn to their surprise that his savings from his professional income amounted to close on £150,000.

Mr. W. W. Astor has contributed £10,000 to the Cambridge University Benefaction Fund. The total sum required for the new buildings and endowments is £300,000, and about a quarter of the amount has already been received.

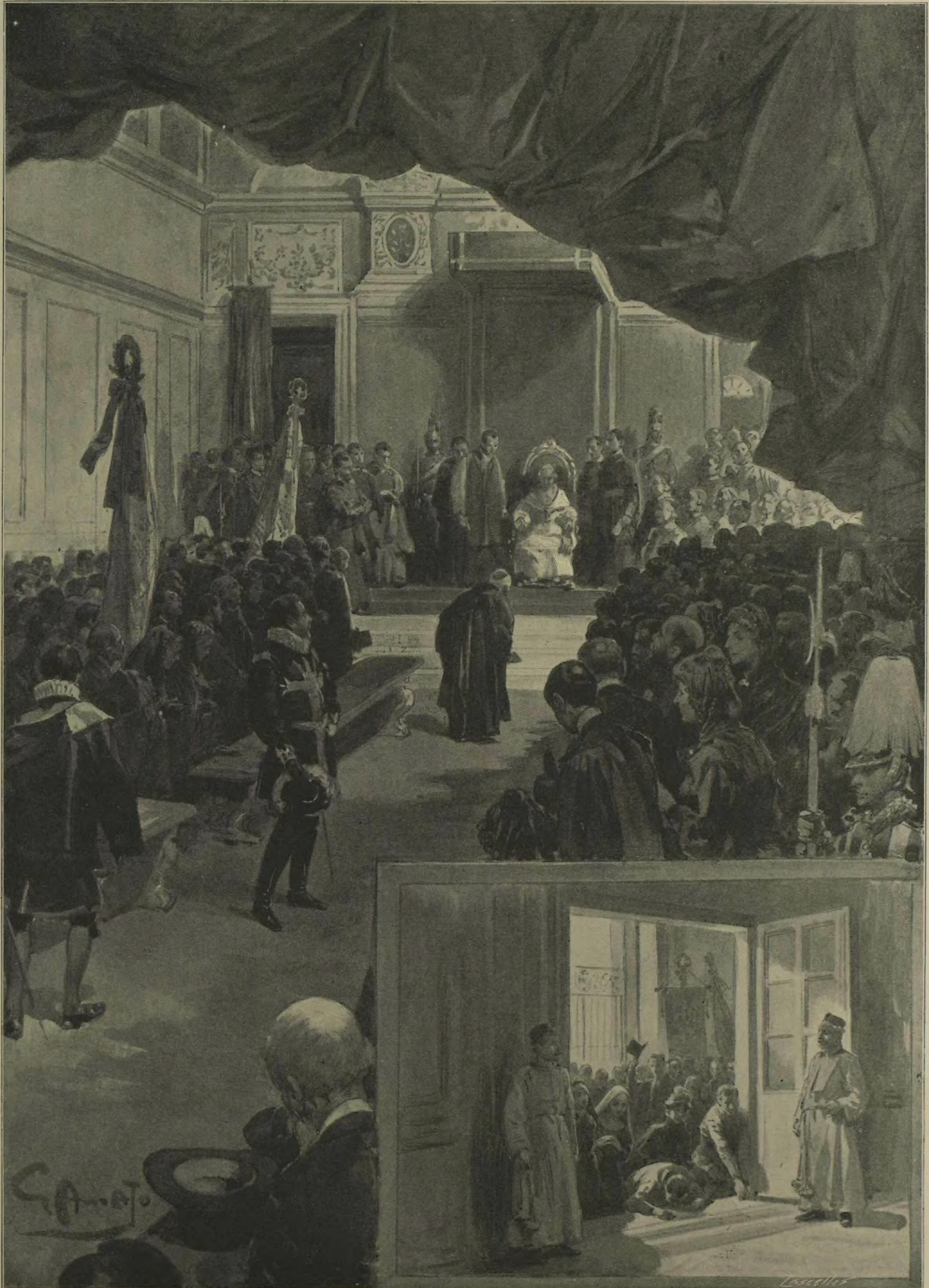


Photo. Le Livre, Rome.
COUNT VON BÜLOW,
New Imperial Chancellor and President of the
Prussian Ministry.



THE LATE JOHN SIMS REEVES.

Photo. Barraud.



PILGRIMS KISSING THE GROUND OF THE HOLY DOOR OF ST. PETER'S.
THE ENGLISH PILGRIMS IN ROME: POPE LEO. XIII. RECEIVING THE ADDRESS.
Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. O. D'Amato.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Third Salisbury Administration, 1895-1900. By H. Whates. (London: Vacher. 15s.)
The Autobiography of a Tramp. By J. H. Crawford. (London: Longmans, Green. 6s.)
A Friend of Cæsar. By William Stearns Davis. (London: Macmillan Co. 6s.)
Tongues of Conscience. By Robert Hichens. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
The Brass Bottle. By F. Anstey. (London: Smith, Elder. 6s.)
The Far East: Its History and its Question. By Alexis Krausse. (London: Grant Richards. 18s.)

Mr. Whates has performed the not inconsiderable feat of writing contemporary history judiciously right down to the day before yesterday. The chief merit of this book is an admirably terse and accurate narrative of political events, foreign and domestic, for the last five years. For the purposes of historical reference in that period Mr. Whates has given us an invaluable index. His standpoint is evidently that of a very independent Conservative, and he does not hesitate to criticise Lord Salisbury's Chinese policy and Mr. Chamberlain's personal shortcomings. Having observed the House of Commons from the Parliamentary Press Gallery, he has no exalted opinion of its efficiency. There are a few competent public servants there, and many "blatant quacks," who "stand in the same relation to the competent few as does the garrulous herbalist in the market-place to the learned physician." Mr. Whates sees no immediate future for the Liberal Party. "The better elements of it seem destined to become absorbed by that National Party whose watchword is the maintenance and perfection of the unity of the Empire." Social discontent may create a revival of Radicalism; but at present "the masses of the people are too busy earning good wages to concern themselves with domestic politics." Moreover, "the House of Commons is a fortuitous concourse of sectional interests, which, in the main, find it to their advantage to combine in resistance against bold experiment and sweeping change for the benefit of the masses of the people who elect them; and it will continue to be so until the masses produce a sufficient number of able men to make such a combination less effective, and will bear the necessary pecuniary burdens to keep them in Parliament." That is a shrewd estimate of our political conditions.

The tramp is beginning to assert his claim to the reader's attention. He entered the literary arena as a subject for serious consideration; he is now promoted; the writer of fiction recognises his many attractions. Mr. Crawford's book is an attempt to tell the life-story of a tramp within the limits of the vocabulary a tramp may be expected to acquire. Word-painting with such restrictions would be impossible to many writers; but the author's knowledge of country life is remarkable, and he has as good an ear for a word as for the call of a bird. The tramp's autobiography becomes a human document, so far as a human document may be made acceptable to the general reader. Some lines have been covered, others have been erased, but there is enough in the writing to stir the blood of the reader who loves the country, and a story sufficiently varied to attract the reader who is mildly tolerant of country life and has a stronger regard for plot. Some of the characters are drawn with a master's hand, though they have the quality of a sketch rather than a finished drawing. Dick, the tramp turned

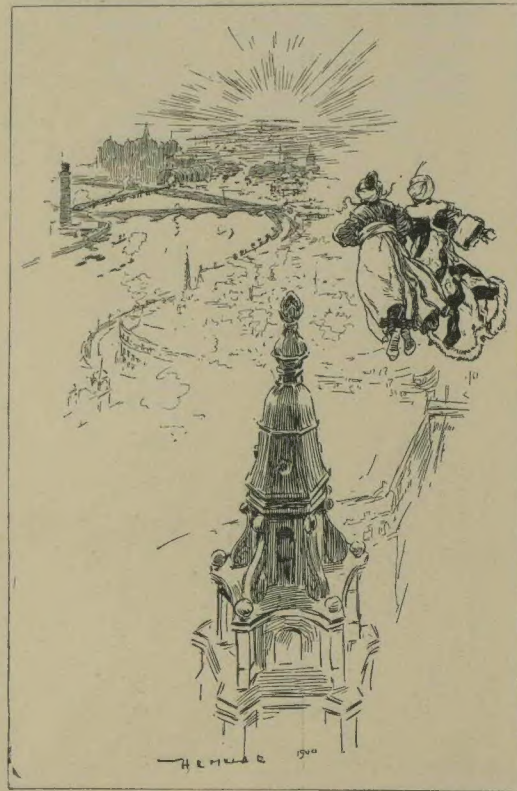
the country, even though the echo of cab and omnibus is competing with the cries of the London newsboys for his attention.

"A Friend of Cæsar" belongs to the class of novels usually designated "worthy." When we say that a man is a "worthy citizen," we generally mean that he is a dull dog, and when we say that a novel is a "worthy book," we generally mean something similar. And yet "A Friend of Cæsar" is an honourable volume. It has just that amount of historical information which any man can easily pick up from Mommsen or Merivale. It is laboriously worked out. It is pleasantly relieved in places by the introduction of the "real American dialect." We hear, for example, of a lady's chiton being "mussed." The verb "muss" ought to be an acquisition to the classical novelist. "Don't muss your toga, Cæsar," would sound well upon the lips of Cato. And yet in spite of these so many and so various merits, "A Friend of Cæsar" is a dull book, dead, dead, dull as ditch-water. Mr. Stearns Davis cannot write. He is fond of the rhetorical interrogation. "Who was Quintus Livius Drusus?" he asks at the beginning of a chapter. Nobody wants to know; but Mr. Davis proceeds to answer his own question. "Doubtless he [Quintus, to wit] would have felt highly insulted if his family history had not been fairly well known to every respectable person." "Was there ever a more banal way of beginning a chapter?" let us exclaim—since the rhetorical interrogative is catching. As for the matter of the book, one of Mommsen's fiery paragraphs about Cæsar excites one more than Mr. Davis's five hundred pages.

Mr. Hichens has given us a volume of weird stories, apparently designed to illustrate the workings of conscience. They are all clever, but they suffer from the cardinal defect that they lack plausibility. Poe, at his weirdest, is always plausible. He would not have given us a famous painter who is afflicted by remorse because he has inspired a London urchin to run away to sea. On this most inadequate motive Mr. Hichens constructs an elaborate fable that never persuades us for a single moment. Another personage with a conscience is a lady who marries the author of wicked novels. He was a wealthy young man with nothing to do; but after his marriage he takes to literature, and writes books that are supposed to corrupt weak-minded young women. His wife tries to destroy the manuscript of the second book, and, failing in that, she poisons him, and is immortalised by a wax effigy among the murderers at Madame Tussaud's. Our moral sense tells us that this ought to be a very impressive story; but it makes us smile. Then there is a young doctor who neglects his infant child so grossly that it dies, and his guilty conscience is haunted by its cry. He marries a charming girl, and again becomes a father; but Mr. Hichens so arranges this that the doctor never suspects his approaching paternity, and allows his wife to go away, so that she may have the child in secret, and die almost immediately afterwards. Of course, the living child silences the cry of the dead child; but why the doctor is not haunted by worse remorse on account of his neglect of his wife Mr. Hichens does not explain. It is all absurd.

Mr. Anstey has a vein of humour all his own, and in that vein he is inimitable. The seasoned reader, who knows what he is about, approaches any new work from his pen in that spirit of smiling yet serious satisfaction which the epicure displays when he dusts the cobwebs from a bottle of some rare vintage; for Mr. Anstey's is not the humour which insults the intelligence, even should the reader chance to be the most "superior" of superior persons. "The Brass Bottle" excites not only one's risible propensities; curiosity rises to fever-heat; amusement is blended with admiration for the delightful subtleties of the plot, and, although the story is, on the face of it, at once incredible and absurd, yet the human element is so strong, and the spell which Mr. Anstey contrives to throw over us so potent, that our interest is unmarred by these trifling considerations. The Spirit whom Horace Ventimore unwittingly sets free from his long captivity in the brass bottle (where he has been confined since the days of Suleyman, "on whom be peace") is a good-natured, well-meaning Jinnee enough, but on that account none the less dangerous to the peace of his benefactor. Well might Horace, as one fresh complication succeeds another, echo the well-worn sentiment: "Preserve us from our friends!" But it seems that there are limits even to the embarrassing benevolence of a

heathen Jinnee; in this case a craven dread of the Lord Mayor of London—misplaced, we are confident—proves to be the undoing of Fakrash and the "Open Sesame" to friend Horace. It is a pity that the publishers have not thought it well to reproduce more of Mr. Millar's most excellent illustrations. Those who read the story in



THE JINNEE AND HORACE RETURN TO VINCENT SQUARE.

Frontispiece to "The Brass Bottle," reproduced by permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder.

the *Strand Magazine* found them almost, if not quite, as delightful as the letterpress itself, so well did they catch and convey the spirit of the narrative.

Of the various bulky volumes dealing with affairs Chinese and Japanese that have appeared within the last six months or so, "The Far East: Its History and its Question" is one of the most interesting and instructive. The author has, however, wisely refrained from dwelling upon ancient history, beyond indicating in brief the events which have served to bring the Occident and the Orient together, and having done that, he goes on at once to explain clearly, and in a concise manner, the puzzling problem with which our statesmen have been wrestling for so many years. Perhaps the chapters that will appeal with most force to Englishmen in the present crisis are "The Awakening of Japan," "Rival Policies," "The Duty of Britain," "The Story of the Crisis," and "The Prospect." It is gratifying at last to find a man who, writing of what he knows, has the courage to say what he really thinks and what he does actually mean. His remarks on England's gullibility, for instance, and the need there is for action, are not pleasant reading for Englishmen; yet all who have lived in China, if only for a year, or even less, and have, while living there, kept their eyes open and their ears on the alert, will thoroughly endorse every word uttered by this unusually well-informed author. But he does not rest there. He next explains at length wherein lies the superiority of Russia's diplomacy in the Far East, and then deals with the steadily increasing anti-foreign feeling of the Chinese; British vacillation and its disastrous consequences; the true story of the taking of the Taku Forts; the arming of the Chinese, and who is responsible for it; the necessity for prompt and decisive action; the Chinese debt and the financial question; the ambitions of Russia; the absorption of Manchuria; the missionary question; and many other matters of interest and of vital importance. Emphatically, "The Far East" is not a book to order from your library, nor yet a book to borrow from a friend and glance through hurriedly, but a book to buy and possess, so that it may be read right through at leisure, and read more than once if a single perusal be not sufficient to ensure digestion. The volume is well got-up, printed in bold, clear type, and, considering its size, of extraordinarily light weight, certainly less heavy than many a volume of one-third its size and bulk.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. Two vols. Leonard Huxley. (Macmillan. 30s.)
General Sir Arthur Cotton, B.E., C.S.I., Lady Hope, with some Famine Prevention Studies by William Digby, C.I.E. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Lepcha Land. Florence Donaldson. (Sampson Low. 10s. 6d.)
War and Policy. Spencer Wilkinson. (Constable. 16s.)
The Great Boer War. A. Conan Doyle. (Smith, Elder.)
The Anglo-Saxon Review. Vol. vi. Edited by Mrs. Cornwallis-West. (Lane. 21s.)
The Vision of Life. Gabriele d'Annunzio. Translated by Cassandra Vivarini. (Heinemann. 6s.)
Marat, the People's Friend. E. Belfort Bax. (Grant Richards. 10s. 6d.)
Love Poems of Shelley. (Lane. 1s. 6d.)
In the Palace of the King. F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan. 6s.)

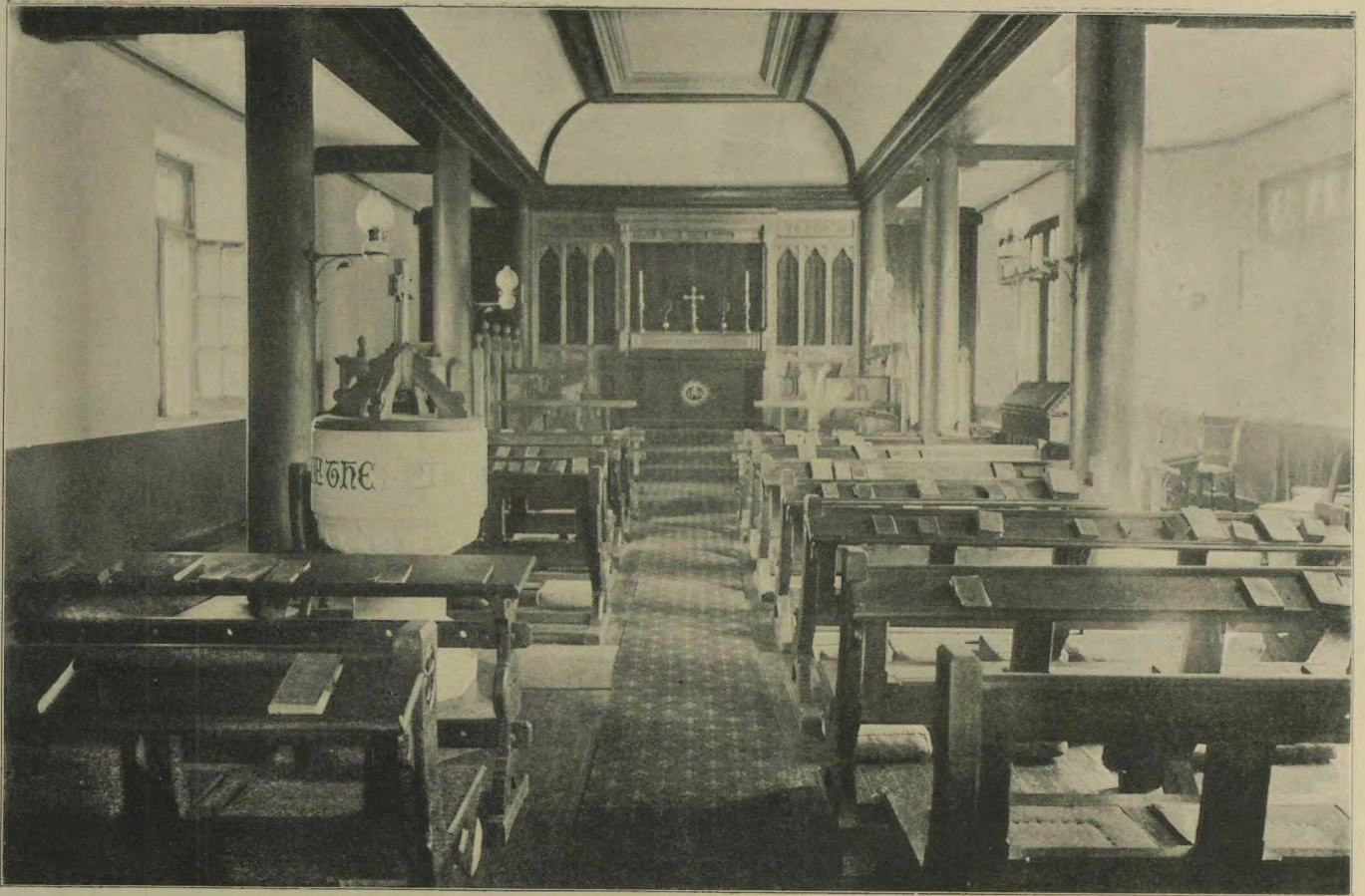


"OTHER TRAMPS."

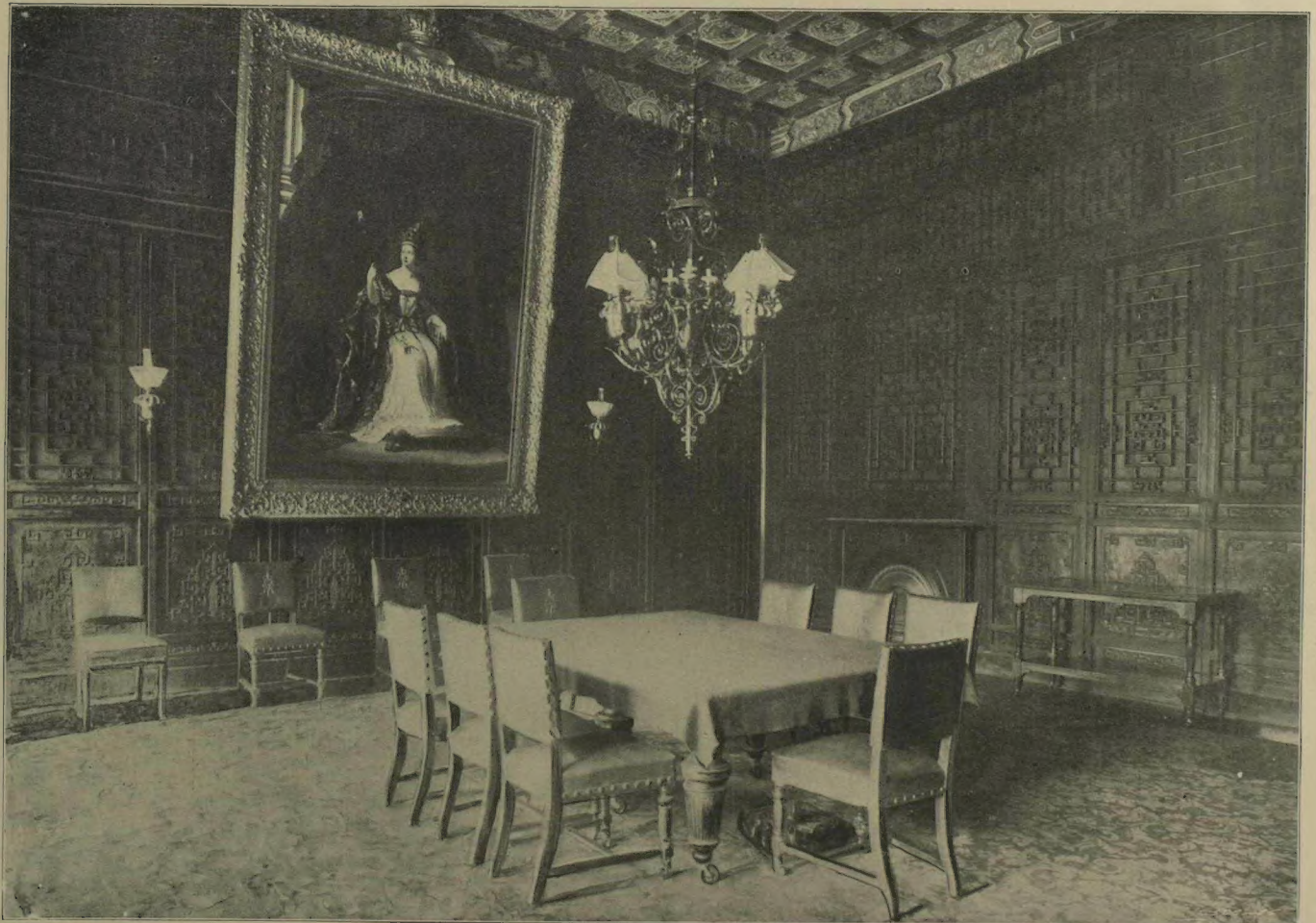
From "The Autobiography of a Tramp," by permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co.

gamekeeper; his wife, who lives and dies on the road—they pass lightly through the pages, yet we know they have a real existence, and are not the arbitrary creation of a writer's brain. Expression and restraint are equally characteristic of Mr. Crawford's book, which claims all the reader's tolerance and attention. The tolerance will be wanted for the dialogue and dialect; the attention is needed because in a single sentence, sometimes with a brief curt phrase, the tramp indicates a change in his life or surroundings. Nothing is superfluous, no attempt is made at elaborate description either of scenery or men; the tramp speaks briefly and in words concise. To the reader who knows anything of life beyond townships, who has ever taken the earth for his bed and the stars for his canopy, there is reminiscence of all he holds most dear in this autobiography of a tramp, and while he reads he will be in the heart of

gamekeeper; his wife, who lives and dies on the road—they pass lightly through the pages, yet we know they have a real existence, and are not the arbitrary creation of a writer's brain. Expression and restraint are equally characteristic of Mr. Crawford's book, which claims all the reader's tolerance and attention. The tolerance will be wanted for the dialogue and dialect; the attention is needed because in a single sentence, sometimes with a brief curt phrase, the tramp indicates a change in his life or surroundings. Nothing is superfluous, no attempt is made at elaborate description either of scenery or men; the tramp speaks briefly and in words concise. To the reader who knows anything of life beyond townships, who has ever taken the earth for his bed and the stars for his canopy, there is reminiscence of all he holds most dear in this autobiography of a tramp, and while he reads he will be in the heart of



THE SIEGE OF THE PEKING LEGATIONS: THE CHAPEL, BRITISH EMLASSY.



THE SIEGE OF THE PEKING LEGATIONS: THE DINING-ROOM, BRITISH EMBASSY.

Photographs lent by Mrs. Archibald Little.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA.

Sketches (Facsimile) by our Special Artist in China, Mr. John Schönborg.



MIDDAY ON THE PEI-HO RIVER: A UNITED STATES OUTPOST.



EVENING ON THE PEI-HO RIVER: CHINESE TSHOUNGS, CHARTERED BY THE BRITISH COMMISSARIAT, ON THE WAY TO PEKING.



ON THE PEI-HO RIVER: TSHOUNGS LADEN WITH SUPPLIES FOR THE BRITISH TROOPS.



THE CRISIS IN CHINA: THE CHARGE OF THE 1st BENGAL LANCERS IN THE ACTION OUTSIDE TIENTSIN, AUGUST 19, 1900.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CHINA, MR. JOHN SCHÜSBERG.

In this action thirty-seven prisoners were taken, of whom thirteen were "Boxers." Two hundred Chinese were killed during the fight.—EXTRACT FROM MR. SCHÜSBERG'S LETTER.

Officers' Quarters and Post Office.

Native Hospital.



Missionary's House.

Wesleyan Missionary School and Church.

1. A GOVERNMENT REST-HOUSE AT DUNKUWA.

2. DRAHNE.

3. AKROFUL.

4. A ROAD CUT THROUGH A BAMBOO CLUMP.

5. A NATIVE SERVANT.

WITH THE ASHANTI FIELD FORCE: VIEWS ON THE LINE OF MARCH.

THE WELCOME TO OUR CITIZEN SOLDIERS.



THE DELAYED ARRIVAL OF THE C.I.V.: "HOPE DEFERRED MAKETH THE HEART SICK."

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. Ralph Cleaver.

THE WELCOME TO OUR CITIZEN SOLDIERS.



1. The Government Tug "Ajax" Meeting s.s. "Aurania."

2. Nearing the Dock-Side.

3. A Postman in the Forenoon: The Earl of Albemarle with the M.A. for the C.I.V.

THE RETURN OF THE C.I.V.: THE ARRIVAL AT SOUTHAMPTON.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. Seppings Wright.

THE WELCOME TO OUR CITIZEN SOLDIERS.



THE RETURN OF THE C.I.V.: LEAVING PADDINGTON STATION.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

THE WELCOME TO OUR CITIZEN SOLDIERS.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.

THE RETURN OF THE C.I.V.: THE INFANTRY BATTALION MARCHING OUT OF PADDINGTON STATION.



Photo, Russell and Sons.

THE RETURN OF THE C.I.V.: THE MARCH THROUGH HYDE PARK WITH THE CAPTURED BOER FLAG.

The flag carried by the officer is that of the Orange Free State, and was captured by the regiment during one of the battles of the campaign.

THE WELCOME TO OUR CITIZEN SOLDIERS.



THE RETURN OF THE C.I.V.: MARCHING THROUGH APSLEY GATE, HYDE PARK CORNER.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. Edward Read.

THE WELCOME TO OUR CITIZEN SOLDIERS.



THE RETURN OF THE C.I.V. THE CROWD IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE OPPOSITE THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Photo Elliott and Fry



THE RETURN OF THE C.I.V. THE PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE STRAND.

Photo Tassier

THE WELCOME TO OUR CITIZEN SOLDIERS.



THE SIGN OF A CITY REGIMENT: THE C.I.V. FIXING BAYONETS BEFORE PASSING THE CITY BOUNDS.

FRANK BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. FRANK STEWART.

The C.I.V. entered the City of London with fixed bayonets, a privilege granted, not, as was generally supposed, because they were Freemen, but because they are a City of London Regiment. The other regiments which have a similar privilege are the Royal Fusiliers (the City of London Regiment), the Buffs (East Kent Regiment), and the Marines.

THE WELCOME TO OUR CITIZEN SOLDIERS.



THE RECEPTION OF THE C.I.V. AT THE GUILDHALL BY THE LORD MAYOR AND CORPORATION.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. H. CLIVE WOODVILLE.

"A grateful City welcomes you back to the Guildhall!"—RECEIVED FROM THE LORD MAYOR'S OFFICE

THE WELCOME TO OUR CITIZEN SOLDIERS.



THE RETURN OF THE C.I.V.: THE SCENE ON THE ARRIVAL OUTSIDE ST. PAUL'S.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. Holland Trippham.

THE WELCOME TO OUR CITIZEN SOLDIERS.



THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S FOR THE HOME-COMING OF THE C. I. V.: "NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. S. BEGG.

The 379th Hymn was sung while the Bishop of Stepney was in the pulpit, and immediately preceded the sermon.

THE WELCOME TO OUR CITIZEN SOLDIERS.



THE RETURN OF THE C.I.V.: THE RECEPTION BY THE LORD MAYOR ON THE STEPS OF ST. PAUL'S.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. ALAN STEWART.

The Lord Mayor shook hands with the first three C.I.V.'s before entering the Cathedral.

THE WELCOME TO OUR CITIZEN SOLDIERS.



C.I.V. DAY: HUMOURS OF THE CROWD.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. Ralph Cleaver.

THE WELCOME TO OUR CITIZEN SOLDIERS.



"THERE'S UNCLE JACK!" AN INCIDENT ON THE ROUTE.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forester.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The Exhibition will not close its doors until Nov. 11, but Parliament is summoned for the day after to-morrow (Nov. 5). These two events are certain; the rest belongs to the domain of conjecture. There are rumours afloat of a Ministerial crisis; but even if they are realised the result would not interest my readers, because Ministerial crises are not abnormal features of the Republican dispensation in France. The programmes of the Opposition and the Government are, if not absolutely identical, at least sufficiently similar to admit of being contemplated, whether from afar or from near, with equanimity by those whose conception of a thorough change would imply the disappearance of the Republic. As I hinted last week, there is neither the probability nor even the possibility of this. A new Ministry simply means a former set of Ministers and their satellites drawing salaries instead of those who have retired for the time being—it would be practically foolhardy to predict for how long.

There are smouldering dynastic problems in France, and most likely they will go on smouldering, seeing that there is no pretender with sufficient lung-power to blow them in a blaze; but there are no burning political questions either in connection with France's home or foreign affairs. France will not try to solve the Chinese puzzle; she will let Russia do it, and let her take the spoil, if spoil there be, which is also problematical, owing to the new Anglo-German Convention. This does not mean that France is as enthusiastic about the pseudo-Russian alliance as she was three and even two years ago, but she is in the position of a man who continues a friendship which gives him neither profit nor pleasure rather than be seen in public without a companion by his side and incur the taunt of being unable to command some kind of society.

This is not a mere metaphor on my part. France contracted the Russian alliance, or was beguiled into the belief of having contracted it, on the implied, though not openly avowed, understanding that Russia would in some way assist her to recover her lost provinces of Alsace-Lorraine. It is more than doubtful whether Russia ever gave such a promise, either directly or indirectly. If there were an understanding at all between her and France, whether verbal or written, it was merely to the effect that France should not be attacked by Germany without Russia throwing her sword into the balance to prevent such an attack, or to help France to repel it. France, however, did not entirely dismiss the idea from her mind of goading Germany into an offensive position should the opportunity present itself, and in that way posing as the aggressor, while being in reality the aggressor. On the strength of that, perhaps, vaguely formulated idea, France began to live in a fool's paradise, which was still further embellished by the visit of Nicholas II. to Paris, and President Faure's return visit to St. Petersburg. France wanted political companionship in the shape of an alliance before the Powers of the world; Russia wanted a big loan, and saw her chance of getting it by befriending France to the top of her bent. It was like a young, gallant, but impecunious lordling taking a rich parvenue spinster or widow to dinner at a big, showy restaurant in order to give her the chance of showing her aristocratic connections, and then letting her settle the bill on the pretext of having nothing but a cheque.

Then came the disillusion in the shape of the young Czar's Rescript in the last week of August 1898. France has never recovered from that, but, to do her justice, *elle faisait bonne mine à mauvais jeu*, and is continuing to put a good face upon the matter. Nicholas II. might have recovered all his lost ground, and more, if he had paid a visit to the Exhibition. France would have given an enormous price for such a sojourn. As it is, there are wise men who are beginning to grumble, notably M. Albert Vandal, of the Académie, who has plainly shown that Russia's so-called friendship is worth nothing. M. Albert Vandal and Professor Lambaud are two acknowledged authorities on Russian affairs; yet it is by no means certain that the former would have spoken his contempt on the French capital during the World's Fair. The French make many mistakes, but a Frenchman of M. Vandal's standing would not have criticised a coming or a departed guest of France of the exalted position of the Emperor of All the Russias.

Disguise it as she may, Republican France has been bitterly disappointed at the absence of the principal crowned heads of Europe from the Exhibition, but most of all at that of the Russian Sovereign. France considered—and not unjustly—that so much was due to her from the son of a father whose memory is perpetuated in Paris by one of the most striking and beautiful monuments ever devised by an art-loving nation. France will not admit that the absence of crowned visitors of the first rank and their heirs was due to her own folly. She who is always preaching the solidarity—[I apologise for the word—] of Republicans all over the world will not admit that there may be such a solidarity among monarchs. And, even if she did admit it, she would fail to see the reason why Nicholas II. should not have made an exception in her favour. She thinks, though she does not say it, that her quondam ally owed her this. There is no proof that Oscar of Sweden and Norway, Leopold of Belgium, and George of Greece are not as solicitous of the prestige of their fellow-sovereigns as the rest, but all three felt that they owed something to France, and they were determined to acknowledge the obligation in that way. Oscar is of purely French descent; Leopold's father indirectly owed his crown to France, who fought the battles of Belgium against the Dutch, without which battles there had been no Leopold I. George had to thank Napoleon III. for being where he is. These three sovereigns have shown their gratitude, and France, who can be very generous, will not forget this.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, C. E. P. (Kensington).—Our satisfaction was to find you were wrong after all. We always tremble when a certain correspondent gives other solutions than the author's—and you are one.

H. C. (London).—Many thanks. We hope to find them sound.

W. B. (London).—Quite correct, and marked for insertion.

W. M. KELLY (Worthing).—In No. 2946 the defence to your proposed solution is B to B3 and there is no mate in two more moves.

T. ROBERTS (Hackney).—See answer above, which also applies to your proposed solution of No. 2946.

C. B. (Barnes).—We should like to see the new problem.

W. P. HIND (Bromington).—Many thanks. We are glad to hear from you.

H. A. SALWAY.—It shall be examined afresh.

MISS D. GREGSON.—It is not forgotten. We hope to publish your problem shortly.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2946 received from C. A. M. (Penzance):

1. N to B4 (from Bishop's Base) and C A M. (Penzance):

2. N to B4 (from Bishop's Base) and C A M. (Penzance):

3. N to B4 (from Bishop's Base) and C A M. (Penzance):

4. N to B4 (from Bishop's Base) and C A M. (Penzance):

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SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2947.—By C. W. SUMNER.

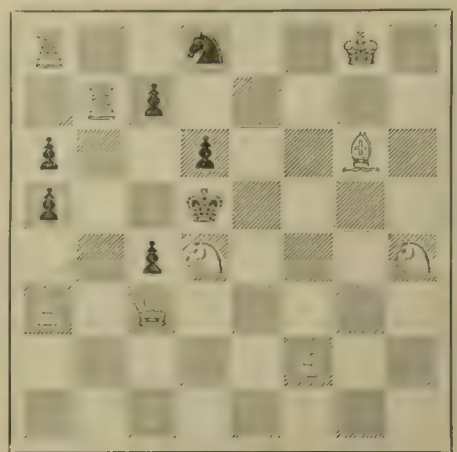
WHITE.

1. R to K4th to B3th. Any move.

2. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2950.—By C. B. WITHERELL (Portland, Maine, U.S.A.).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played between Messrs. M. LEBERER and A. SPEYER.

(Spartan Defence).

WHITE (Mr. L.). BLACK (Mr. S.).

1. P to K4th. P to Q4th.

2. Kt to K3rd. P to K3rd.

3. P to Q4th. P to K3rd.

The particular run of moves in the early advance.

4. Kt takes P. Kt to Q3rd.

5. B to Q4th. Kt to B3rd.

6. Q to Q4th. Kt to K4th.

7. Q to K2nd. Q to K3rd.

8. Kt to K3rd. Q to K5th (ch).

9. K to Q2nd. Kt takes B.

10. P to Q4th. P to Q3rd.

The facing phase. White's game on the Queen's side is by no means good, but this is a turning-point. Besides answering exchange of Queens it is very effective.

11. Kt takes Kt. Q to K4th.

12. B to K5th. Q to B3rd.

It is not clear that the surrender of the Pawn is sound, though White gets on well from this point.

13. Kt to K3rd. Q to B3rd.

14. Kt to Q2nd. Q to K3rd.

15. Castles Kt. B to K2nd.

16. P to B3rd. B to B4th.

17. K to Rsq. P to K3rd.

18. B to R4th. P to K4th.

19. B to K3rd. Kt to R4th.

20. Kt to B3rd. Kt to B3rd.

21. B takes Kt. Kt to B3rd.

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CHESS IN MUNICH.

Game played between Messrs. J. W. S. and J. W. S.

(Spartan Defence).

WHITE (Mr. S.). BLACK (Mr. M.).

1. P to K4th. P to Q4th.

2. Kt to K3rd. P to K3rd.

3. P to Q4th. P to K3rd.

4. Kt takes P. Kt to Q3rd.

5. B to Q4th. Kt to B3rd.

6. Q to Q4th. Kt to K4th.

7. Q to K2nd. Q to K3rd.

8. Kt to K3rd. Q to K5th (ch).

9. K to Q2nd. Kt takes B.

10. P to Q4th. P to Q3rd.

The King's Pawn is now so far advanced that it can hardly be strong.

11. Kt takes Kt. Kt to Q4th.

12. B to K5th. Q to B3rd.

13. Kt to K3rd. Q to B3rd.

14. Kt to Q2nd. Q to K3rd.

15. Castles Kt. B to K2nd.

16. P to B3rd. B to B4th.

17. K to Rsq. P to K3rd.

18. B to R4th. P to K4th.

19. B to K3rd. Kt to R4th.

20. Kt to B3rd. Kt to B3rd.

21. B takes Kt. Kt to B3rd.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

My request for information respecting "snake-stones" and their alleged marvellous powers of curing the patient bitten by the most venomous of snakes has brought me a number of highly interesting communications from readers of this column. In the main, the letters tend to confirm the idea I expressed in my former article, that the snake-stones have no real value as correctives of serpent virus, that the bites to which they are applied are those of snakes whose fangs or poison-glands have been extracted, and which are therefore incapable of conveying any virus into the wound made by their teeth.

In the letters I have received from former residents in India, the opinion is very freely expressed that the "snake-charmers" bring with them the reptiles they appear to catch, and liberate them near the house they pretend to rid of its snake visitors. I have been particularly struck with the repetition in three of the letters sent me of the assertion that most of the deaths in India reported as due to snake-bite are really due to poisoning, and to other forms of assassination. This statement is made deliberately by those who are very familiar with Indian life, and if the truth of this assertion be admitted at all, then it would seem that snake-bite does not represent quite so common an accident as report would have us believe it to be. Be that as it may, however, I am afraid the lauded virtues of the snake-stones are likely to be relegated to the domain reserved for the myths of folk-lore. One correspondent, who had over two-score years' experience of India as a naturalist and a sportsman, tells me he has never seen any case of true snake-bite treated successfully by the application of a snake-stone; while he also adds that there are instances on record in which snake-charmers themselves have been killed by the bites of cobras whose fangs had grown again after removal.

In another letter I find the story related that the true snake-stone is taken out of the head of the cobra; but my researches reveal that there are quite a variety of substances which figure under this designation. In the first place, certain varieties of pumice appear to be used. Then there is the black crystalline stone, of which a lady correspondent sent me a specimen; and, finally, there is something which, if it is not ordinary calcined or burnt bone, is remarkably like that substance, and corresponds with it in chemical composition. My most interesting communication was received from Miss Emerson-Tennent, daughter of Sir James Emerson-Tennent, whose monumental work on Ceylon is familiar to every reader. I beg to tender my thanks to Miss Emerson-Tennent for her kindness in forwarding to me not only samples of snake-stones collected by her father, but letters relative to their nature from Sir Joseph Hooker, Michael Faraday, and others.

I find also included in Miss Emerson-Tennent's collection the root of a plant called in India "Naga," or "Naja Thalee," and the note accompanying the root tells us that snake-charmers use it to prevent their being bitten; while it is alleged that when placed near a snake it has the effect of subduing the reptile. Respecting this root Sir Joseph Hooker wrote to Sir J. Emerson-Tennent that it appears to be a bit of an Aristolochia stem, and that there is an idea that certain species of these plants exert some beneficial influence on snake-bite.

Sent to Faraday, a snake-stone was analysed by him, and in a letter to Sir J. Emerson-Tennent dated March 5, 1856, and headed the Royal Institution, London, the great chemist expresses the opinion that the stone is "a selected piece of bone which has been filled with blood, perhaps several times, and then charred carefully." Faraday describes his procedure in determining the bony nature of the specimen subjected to him, and encloses a sample of the white ash which resulted from his treatment of the specimen. The ash is almost entirely phosphate of lime, and possibly this variety of snake-stone represents the bone which it is alleged is taken from the head of the snake. "If the piece of matter," says Faraday, "has ever been employed as a spongy absorbent of fluid, it seems hardly fit for that purpose now; but, then, who can say what kind of treatment it has had since it was in a state for use, or what treatment the natives may submit it to when they expect to have occasion to use it?"

There is a variety of snake-stone among the specimens submitted to me which is described as a "bean composed of many ingredients." On section, this "bean" resembles charcoal, and it might very well also be a piece of bone artificially blackened. The note accompanying this specimen states that "it cured the bite of an enormous cobra in five minutes." The circumstances are not stated, and that it had been used with effect in the cases of servants bitten at night by snakes. The post-nominate of the snakes which were not caught has been to be assumed, of course. I have another account of the application of a snake-stone to a cobra-bite, received when in the jungle by a snake-catcher, when the writer of the account accompanied. It was applied to the bite about ten minutes, and then dropped off the wound. The man sustained no ill-effects. No deception, it is alleged, was possible here, for the snake which bit the man was discovered in the heart of the jungle. Here it is assumed that the character was perfectly honest, and had not had the snake with fangs extracted, concealed about his person.

The conclusion one is forced to come to here, I think, must somewhat resemble the Scotch verdict of "not proven." We certainly want reliable evidence of the cure of a European, preferably by a snake-stone, when the bite has been inflicted by a snake proved to be poisonous and with injured fangs. It is certainly inconceivable on scientific grounds, and on the evidence before us, that any "stone" or root can counteract the effects of a person a very little of which injected into the blood will kill in a remarkably short space of time.

THE WELCOME TO OUR CITIZEN SOLDIERS.



Photo. Russell, Southern.

THE DISEMBARKATION OF THE C.I.V. AT SOUTHAMPTON.



Photo. London Stereoscopic Co.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE C.I.V. AT ST. PAUL'S.



THE BANQUET TO THE C.I.V. AT THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY'S GROUNDS.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forestier.



Photo. London Stereoscopic Co.

THE LORD MAYOR AND CITY OFFICIALS WAITING ON THE STEPS OF ST. PAUL'S TO RECEIVE THE C.I.V.

THE CITY IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS.

BY COLONEL SIR HOWARD VINCENT, K.C.M.G., C.B., M.P.

PART II.

On May 12 Colonel MacKinnon, who, declining the offer of a brigade, remained with the battalion, joined Lord Roberts at Kroonstad. On May 18 Lindley was occupied, and on the Queen's Birthday, junction was effected with the main column, holding the railway near Vrededorp road. May 26 saw the C.I.V. over the Vaal River, and on May 30 they were on the left, occupying Doornkop—of Jameson Raid fame—and attacking thence towards Florida, seven miles west of Johannesburg. On June 1 they entered Johannesburg, and on June 5 marched past Lord Roberts in the Market-Square of Pretoria.

The appearance they then presented gave evidence of what they had gone through. They had marched forty days out of 51, and covered 523 miles, or an average of rather more than thirteen miles a day. Nor was it a question merely of marching. They were in several minor engagements. They were in constant expectation of attack. The halt for the day was but the commencement of labour. There were outposts to be furnished, camp duties to be provided—water fatigues, wood fatigues, the drawing and cooking of rations, the laying-out of bivouacs, and, not least of all, 15 deg. of frost at night. With little night covering, they had great weight to carry by day—from 100 to 130 rounds of ammunition in a bandolier, instead of in the Slado-Wallace side-pouches, causing the belt to rick up, with the blanket and greatcoat besides the rifle, and a pick or shovel. Many, of course, were the strugglers; many fell sick by the way. But the great majority struggled on manfully. The horses of the field officers were often lent to a footsore man for a stage or two, and there was an occasional lift in ox-wagons. But West End and East End stuck to their work.

Pretoria was the goal of Lord Roberts, but not the final one. The difficult country to the north and east had still to be conquered. Ian Hamilton's Division was assigned a prominent task. On June 6 the C.I.V. left Pretoria for Irene. Their most serious engagement was that of Donkerhoek and Diamond Hill on June 11 and 12. The Boer position greatly resembled that of Spion Kop. The enemy occupied an advanced range of hills. Apparently overwhelmed by the artillery of the British, they retired. The C.I.V., with the Coldstreams, under Colonel Surtees, on their right, were sent forward to occupy the vacated position—in lines of columns with wide intervals between files and companies. The slope was precipitous. The crest was only gained with difficulty by alternate half-companies. No sooner did the first heads appear

over the sky-line than from the second position—concerning which the General's information had been defective—there came a storm of shot and shell from the front, the right, and the left. The whole of the attacking column seemed enveloped. Pom-poms played vigorously, and Mauser bullets, fired at high elevation, kept all flat upon the slope. There was nothing for it but to hold the ground and endeavour to bring up the guns. This was at length accomplished, with great difficulty. Horses were shot down. The pieces were man-hauled to the very top of the hill, and the windlasses the Boers used in like case to work downhill instead of up were not there

entrenches. The fire slackens. It ceases altogether on the Boer side. This is one of their tricks. Was it being played now? All too soon a Coldstream patrol creeps forward. Not a shot. With C.I.V. they steal up the line of kopjes. The enemy has gone; the artillery-fire had been too much for them, and the two days' action, which at one time looked bad, was won. On June 17 the C.I.V. infantry were back in Pretoria, and three days later left for Heidelberg. Meanwhile the mounted infantry and the battery had done good work—the former in the van of the advance from Bloemfontein. The latter, although long inactive, did splendid work with General Paget. On July 13 a reinforcing draft left England. They joined headquarters in the middle of August, and although they have not had the luck to see any fighting, two have fallen to disease.

The *Aurania* has brought home fifty-five officers and 1256 non-commissioned officers and men. That is not the tale of those who went out. Fifty-seven have died—and of these, nine were killed in action or died of wounds—the bravest of all, Lieutenant Brian Alt, of the Central London Rangers. Sixty have been wounded, and 155 have been invalidated home.

The Volunteer force and the British public acclaim the C.I.V., and rightly. As Lord Roberts said as he took leave of them—"his Volunteer comrades" at Pretoria: "They went out without a name, they return with a place in history." But at the same time it must not be forgotten that the C.I.V. are but one sixteenth of the Volunteers who have gone out from the United Kingdom to the war. Over eight thousand have gone from Volunteer corps to the several Regular regiments to which their battalions are affiliated. They have not had many advantages which the C.I.V. enjoyed.

There are also eleven thousand members of the Imperial Yeomanry, to say nothing of the magnificent services of Volunteers from Canada and Australasia, and many hundreds of young men who went out to "South Africa" upon their own account, and joined corps which have won a record upon many a field. Nor have there been a few old officers and old soldiers—men who had already served their time, men even who had been in previous wars, but who hastened to give their experience.

Let there be welcome, by all means, of the C.I.V. It is well deserved on all hands, and not the least on the part of the organising power at home. But it would be unwise and unfair—and much resented by the C.I.V. themselves—if local recognition exhausted itself upon them while sixty-six companies of Volunteers and twenty battalions of Imperial Yeomanry and Australians and Canadians were still in South Africa.



Photo, Stereotype Co.

COLONEL SIR HOWARD VINCENT,
QUEEN'S WESTMINSTERS.

to help. It was a deed of heroism, and the service rendered by the 82nd Battery, under Major Conolly, was not the least of the war. The gunners threw round upon round of shrapnel into the very midst of the enemy. For some time the issue hung in the balance. If the ammunition had given out it would have been serious. The artillery saved the situation.

Meanwhile the infantry were lying flat, unable to move. They were steady as on parade. The coolest among them the Commandant, Colonel MacKinnon. He is reading a message from the flank, and just wipes the dust caused by a shell out of his eye. Night comes on. Lord Albemarle is with the C.I.V. picquets. He quickly posts them and

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CADBURY'S COCOA



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1900

THE OLDEST AND STILL THE BEST
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LADIES' PAGES.

So the young Queen of Holland has made her choice. She will seek content in a happy married life, as Queen Victoria did, and not in single independence, like Queen Elizabeth. The intended Prince Consort of the Netherlands is certainly not at all the same type as our Queen's poetically beautiful and refined husband; and of course the political affairs of little Holland are not to be compared to those of a great Power like Great Britain; but allowing for differences, the best that can be hoped for the girl Queen is that her husband will read, agree with, and abide by the ideal that the Prince Consort laid down for himself of the conduct and position of "the husband of a female Sovereign." It is printed in Martin's (or rather the Queen's) *Life of the Prince*, and tells us that he thought it right "to seek no power by or for himself, but to make his position entirely a part of his wife's"; he aspired to be her permanent private secretary, the guardian of her children, and head of her household; but before the public he was resolved "to sink his existence in hers." At one time, it seems, ill-natured rumour asserted that the Prince Consort was receiving and consulting with the Ministers of the day without the Queen; but Lord Malmesbury tells us that this was quite untrue—that the Prince was always present at such interviews, but remained standing behind the Queen's chair merely to assist her. Yet the Prince's keen interest in affairs was unflagging, and his help to the Queen unflinching. May the young Dutch Queen Regnant be equally fortunate in the choice she has made!

There have been good attendances at the meetings in Brighton of the annual conference of the National Union of Women Workers. There is always much the same list of speakers at these annual assemblies, but the otherwise fatal effect of that is obviated by the plan of holding the meetings in a different large town each year, so that the locality can supply an altogether fresh audience for the lady speakers. The patronage of many of the Bishops' wives and the strong Church element in the management insures, too, that in every town visited there will be a ready-organised body of local helpers, so that the expenses of the meetings are cleared by payment for tickets; and the local committee also dispense more or less hospitality to speakers and visitors from a distance. The President of the Brighton Committee was Lady Louise Loder, wife of the M.P. for the borough, and a daughter of the late Duke of St. Albans. She opened the proceedings with an address of welcome, and among the other speakers were the Countess of Aberdeen, Lady Battersea, the Hon. Mrs. A. T. Lyttelton, Lady F. Cavendish, and Lady Laura Ridding.

The "women workers" are nothing if not serious, and many of the subjects spoken upon every year are distinctly depressing, relating to the charitable and reformatory work that the excellent lady speakers are



A FASHIONABLE COAT.

engaged in promoting. It is all very noble and high-minded, but one feels at last as if the excessive drinkers, the criminals and prisoners, the feeble in mind; the halt, maimed, or sense-lacking in body were (as, thank Heaven! they so emphatically are not) the majority of mankind, or, at least, of womankind. Lady Aberdeen remarked that the women present at the conference "were realising the delight of close comradeship with those who are lifting up the weak and the poor, protecting and developing the young, and reclaiming the fallen." This is the central idea of the conferences. So, though they are doubtless an aid and stimulus to "the workers" gathered together, they do not afford much of universal interest to be reported. Miss Georgina Hill, who regularly each year tries to get ladies declared eligible to be elected to the Board of Management of the Royal Hospital for Incurables at the annual meeting of that institution, pressed the same point on this conference; and Miss Louisa Stevenson, who actually sits on the Board of Management of the great Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, pointed out the value of the special services that a thoroughly trained and capable house-mistress can render on such bodies. The establishment of "retreats" or "homes" for inebriates at the public expense was endorsed by a gentleman speaker, the Home Office Inspector of such places; and Lady Battersea drew attention to the tendency of intoxication to lead into the commission of crimes against the law, stating that as visitor of the women's prison at Aylesbury she had found that sixty per cent. of the inmates had waded through drink into their other offences against social order. Mrs. Humphry Ward gave an interesting account of a work that she has established in the neighbourhood of her "settlement" in Bloomsbury—that, to wit, of conveying crippled children in comfortable ambulance-carts from their homes to her school, where they receive the ordinary elementary teaching. Many of the poor little mites, crippled in body, are very sharp and bright intellectually, and the learning to read and the occupation of their minds in class with others in simple studies is an incalculable blessing to them. Mrs. Flora Annie Steel made the strange statement that Englishwomen have been "responsible for almost every trouble we have had in India." How, one wonders, were women responsible for the great Mutiny or for any frontier outbreak, famine, plague, or any solitary case of "trouble" to British rule in India? Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop's paper was in counteraction of this statement, for she gave an account of much good work done by British missionary women, as doctors, teachers and friends of the women of less happy lands.

Dr. Sophie Bryant declared that girls of the middle classes were in a great many cases very badly educated, because of the incompetence of the governesses to whom their training is committed, whether at home or in small private schools. Another speaker retorted that this was because the position of a private governess is so uncongenial and uncomfortable that few women of high intelligence and culture will accept it. Other speakers urged that in many cases the difficulty that middle-class parents find in getting good education for their

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girls might be met by educating boys and girls together; that is to say, by allowing girls to take advantage of the better organisation that boys' education has received up to the present time. To this Mrs. Bryant replied that she feared that "the self-assertiveness of the boys might cause the girls to be pushed into the background." But it is surely needless either to "fear" or hope on the subject, for "the experiential method" is already applied to solve the problem. The Scotch lassies, who have sat on the same benches with the boys for many generations before School Boards existed, and the American girls in the Common Schools of the United States, are assuredly prepared to bear witness that they were not suppressed or "pushed into the background" by the self-assertiveness of the boys. So far is this from occurring that a very clever American lady has offered the system of co-education as the reason why American men believe so much more in women's capacities than do those of any other country. They are accustomed to study beside girls all through their schooldays, and to find themselves not so strikingly and invariably cleverer than the weaker sex as they might otherwise have supposed themselves to be. This helps to keep the women from being "pushed into the background" by masculine "self-assertiveness" in after years. Many allusions were made to the disadvantage to the public of the action of the last Parliament in refusing the ratepayers the power to elect women to sit on the new London Borough Councils; and Lady Laura Ridding drew attention to the lack of definite provision in the Government's new Education Act for the representation of women on the Boards that are to have the local control of secondary education.

Bodices give a very wide choice to select from; the bolero in some of its many forms is still the leading idea, but Princess or redingote-cut shapes and pouched or bloused bodices with yokes claim some favour. Wide revers and lapels are becoming old-fashioned looking—on dresses, that is to say; for on coats, especially in fur, revers are still placed very wide at the top, over the chest, as a double protection. But for the bolero, or any other form of dress bodice, the wide lapels of previous seasons are demodé. Even the strictly tailor-made gown boasts now only a small coat-lapel below the collar. A very narrow band revers turns back from waist to shoulder, edging a front vest of a different kind, in many cases—the simplest of styles, but very effective if the vest be of handsome material, and the revers or edge of the bolero that comes against the vest be trimmed with a strip of rich passementerie or galon. Alternatively, there is the very short bolero coming but little below the bust, and showing a very deep corselet-belt, in the majority of cases of swathed satin, panne, or silk, but sometimes embroidered velvet, or the elastic studded with nail-head steel or gold ornaments that I have described on a previous occasion. Over such a belt the vest and bolero will very likely pouch a little, for in the liking for that effect there is no change in Fashion's taste. Sometimes the bolero is cut to hang quite



A STYLISH WALKING COSTUME.

loose from the figure at its ends, so as to accentuate the fullness over the bust, and, by consequence, the contour of the waist—though a tiny waist is not at all fashionable. The mode just described is, of course, essentially the original and genuine bolero, the little loose jacket slipped on over an under-bodice; but we are accustomed to having them attached to the foundation, and have almost forgotten that, properly speaking, a bolero is a loose-hanging short coat.

Here are some more "thumb-nail sketches in black and white" of gowns whose fashionable acquaintance I made in Paris the other day. A pastel-rose cloth, plain skirt, bolero trimmed with an application of flowers cut out in mauve panne and each *indif* embroidered round with narrow gold cord; vest of white guipure, above a corselet-belt embroidered exactly like the bolero. A white cloth bolero stitched with gold silk in numerous close-set lines, opening only just down the centre over a full vest of frills of cream lace; skirt of white cloth stitched in gold lines down to a band of lace laid over gold satin, heading a flounce. Black cloth tailor-made, braided with black and gold cord, the bodice having a broad box-pleat down the centre edged narrowly on both sides by an under band of white, on which a gold galon is laid. A blue cloth with black satin swathed belt, edged with a half-inch gold galon at top and bottom; bolero fastening over the chest with one large gold and enamel button, and jabot of guipure to finish the front; the skirt footed by a band of black satin, with gold galon at top and bottom of it, and just a frill of the blue beneath to sweep the carpet. Another French version of the tailor-made, in black camel's hair, the coat strapped elaborately and the skirt trimmed down with lines of black and gold galon; vest of white suède fastening straight down the centre by numerous little gold buttons, and cuffs to correspond of white suède under a pagoda-sleeve turned back with the galon, tiny gold buttons going all up the back of the arm to meet this cuff at the elbow. A dress of brown glaucé, this foundation almost covered on both skirt and bodice by strappings of brown cloth; bodice opening in front over a vest of white silk pleated, the very narrow revers that turned back from waist to neck being faced with turquoise satin; an embroidery from the shoulder to the bust, outside these revers, in brown and gold, and bands of similar embroidery on the cuffs; finally, a strip of narrow black velvet ribbon comes round the throat, crosses itself within the embrace of a gold clasp on the chest, and falls thence loosely on the vest.

One of our Illustrations is a coat which has the fashionable length of this coming winter. It is made of cloth, with large sable collar and cuffs, and trimmed with strappings and appliqué down the front and over the bust. The hat is of velvet to match the coat, with light-coloured panne folded round the crown, and plumes of two shades of brown. The walking-costume is made of cloth appliqué, a design stitched on visibly; a vest, undersleeves, and muff of caracul. The hat has the plumes laid on the front, as so much worn in Paris; the shape is of velvet.—FLORENA.

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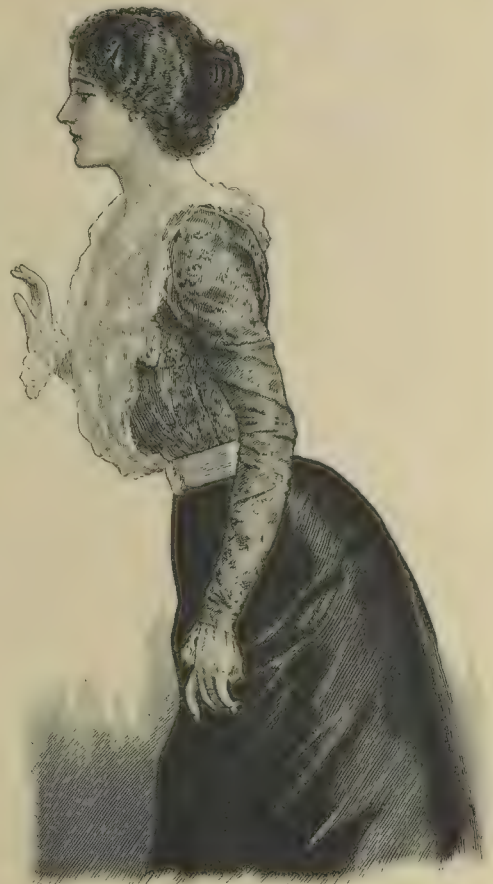
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THE ROYAL INSTITUTE.

The Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours has hitherto been satisfied with a single spring exhibition of its members' works. This year, by way, perhaps, of closing the century with evidence that the two bodies representing water-colour painting in this country still work in harmony, the Institute, like the old Society, offers an exhibition of studies and sketches made by its members. It must be allowed that, so far at least, the painters of the Institute adhere more closely to their programme than their rivals in Pall Mall. The seven hundred and more works displayed are almost exclusively sketches—and have the special charm which attaches to such work—often revealing better the painter's method than his more finished pictures. The feeling, however, which predominates after going round the Gallery is that, notwithstanding the skill and deftness displayed, there is very little individuality in the work of the majority of the members. Memory is constantly harking us back to Tom Collier, to P. de Wint, to David Cox, to Copley Fielding, and others, who established the lines upon which British water-colour art maintained a long-unchallenged supremacy. Whether their modern followers will continue in the next century the traditions of their predecessors in the present is a matter of doubt. The field of competition has grown wider, and other

countries are rapidly coming into line, Holland and France leading the way. The arrangement of the present exhibition would seem to be as little advantageous to the artists as it is irritating to the visitor. The practice of grouping the sketches of each artist together, although adopted in two of the rooms, is abandoned, with one exception, in the Central Gallery, with the result that one scarcely knows when one has come to the end of each painter's performance, or whether the single works are selected by chance or intention.

In the West Gallery the Vice-President, Mr. E. M. Wimperis, is represented by upwards of a score of sketches made in various parts of Great Britain, the majority of them bright, breezy, and smelling of fresh air. Mr. Frank Walton, an ex-Vice-President, has quitted Surrey for Sark and the Land's End, and shows that even in his sketches he is careful and painstaking. Mr. Claude Hayes relies even more obviously upon others for his ways of sketching, but is, nevertheless, often effective; while Mr. Edwin Hayes shows himself the worthiest follower of Clarkson Stanfield as a marine painter. Mr. Walter Langley is distinctly disappointing in his studies, and seems to be unable to get away from types of which we have had an over-supply. Sir James D. Linton's designs for stained-glass windows suffer from the quaint juxtaposition of characters so incongruous as Alcuin and John Wesley, St. Edmund the Martyr and Dr. Arnold, or Bunyan

and Tennyson, and the attempt to treat on similar lines historical and traditional figures is not wholly successful. Mr. Bernard Partridge's studies almost touch the verge of caricature in such examples as the portraits of Mr. Hall Caine and Sir Henry Irving. In the East Gallery Mr. John Fulleylove's conscientious studies of the spots he has visited, between Oxford and Athens, are interesting memorials, although at times he seems to give unnecessary emphasis to details which are really trivial. Mr. Joseph Knight is too monotonous in line and colour to support the grouping system, and similarly Mr. Thomas Lyne—who wanders brush in hand from the Stour to the Wye—finds but little difference in the sky and atmosphere of East Anglia and the Western Marches. Mr. David Green is bolder and more original in his way of treating nature, but Mr. R. B. Nisbet touches a more poetic level. Mr. Arthur Severn, however, stands almost alone in his devotion to sky effects, and upholds with dignity his position as the heir to the Ruskin traditions. Mr. J. Finemore's Dutch sketches, Mr. Rheam's figure studies, and Mr. F. G. Cotman's delicate South Islands landscapes are also well worthy of notice. In the Central Gallery the President, Mr. E. J. Gregory, is not adequately represented by the nine sketches grouped together, the "Lady of the Launch" alone throwing any light upon the source of his success as a painter; while the little bit of Scotch landscape, "The Pen House," reveals a side of his talent hitherto undeveloped.

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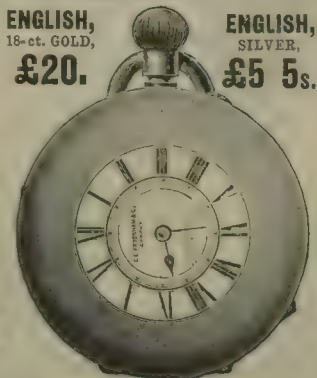
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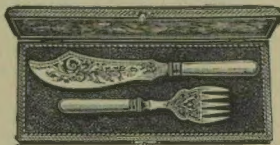
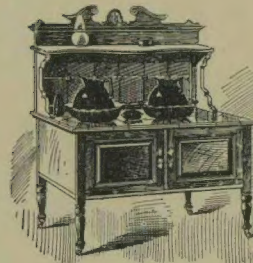
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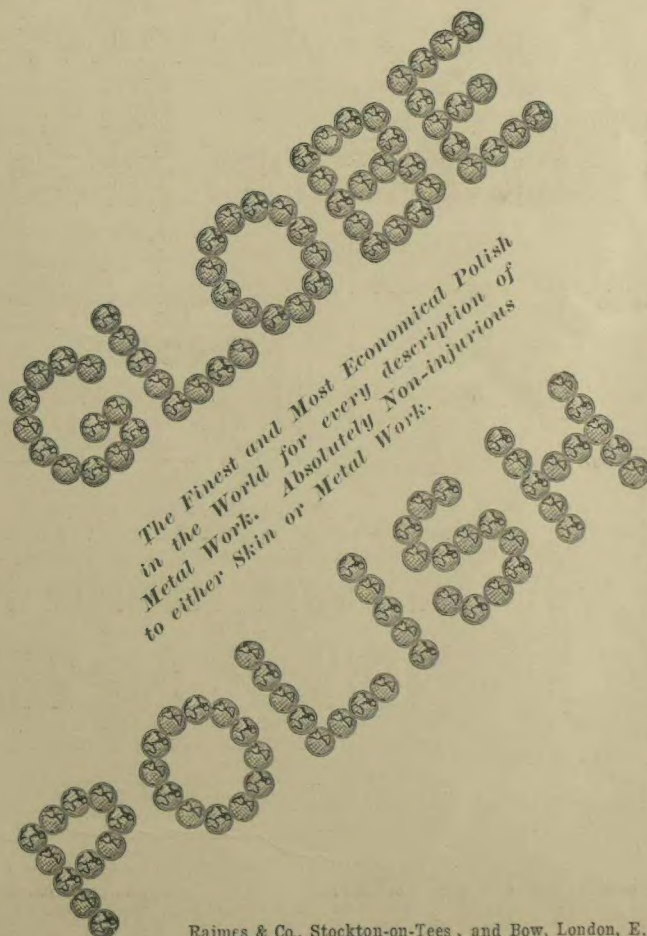
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement of Mr. David Ainslie, of Costerton, Blackshields, Midlothian, who died on May 24, granted to Charles Cook and Andrew Thomas Steele Scott, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on Oct. 22, the value of the estate in England and Scotland being £432,461.

The will (dated July 28, 1897), with a codicil (dated Oct. 25, 1897), of Mr. Samuel Theodore Mander, J.P., of Wightwick Manor, Tettenhall, Stafford, Mayor of Wolverhampton, who died on Sept. 14, was proved on Oct. 20 by Mrs. Flora St. Clair Mander, the widow, William Aldwin Soames, and Thomas Henry Davies-Colley, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £178,548. The testator gives Wightwick Manor, with the furniture and household effects therein, to his wife for life, and then for his son Geoffrey Lemesurier on his attaining twenty-eight years of age. He bequeaths his horses, carriages, and household stores, and £1000 to his wife; and £500 each to W. A. Soames and Thomas H. Davies-Colley. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income of one half thereof to his wife for life, and subject thereto for all his children, the share of each son to be double that of each daughter. He appoints to his sons Geoffrey and Lionel his share of the goodwill of his partnership business.

The will (dated June 20, 1899) of Mr. Oscar William Holden-Hamburg, of Pipewell Hall, Northampton, who



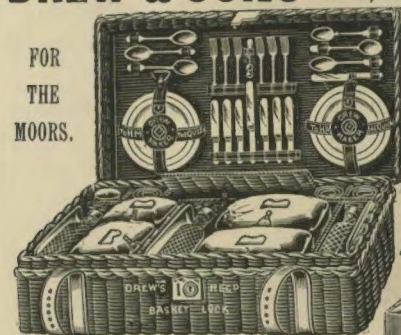
MR. SHERIFF-ELECT LAWRENCE'S CHAIN AND BADGE.

We have pleasure in giving an illustration of the Shrieval chain of office recently presented to Mr. Sheriff-elect Lawrence by his friends in the ward of Farringdon Without. The design of both the chain and the badge is extremely artistic. The badge consists principally of the arms of the Loriners' Company, the Gold and Silver Wye-Drawers' Company, and the Coach and Harness Makers' Company, of each of which Mr. Lawrence is a member. The whole was designed and executed by Messrs. Mappin Brothers, of 66, Cheapside, E.C., and 220, Regent Street, W.

died on Sept. 6, was proved on Oct. 22 by George Henry Knapp Fisher, George Arthur Fisher, and Charles Browning Fisher, the executors, the value of the estate being £85,804. The testator bequeaths £500 each to Edward Knapp Fisher and George Arthur Fisher; £300 to Charles Browning Fisher; his History of Northamptonshire to George Henry Knapp Fisher; one year's wages, £3000, and his wearing apparel to his butler, Thomas Bramley, if still in his employ; certain pictures and jewels to his brother-in-law the Hon. Alexander Henry Wood; £1 per week to his brother Windsor Edward Hamburg, for life; his freehold property at Desborough, a rent-charge of £30 12s., and his furniture and household effects, upon trust, for George Harrison Champion Holden de Crespiigny, for life, and then, upon trust, for his nephew Otho Hamburg; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, for his nephew Otho for life, and then as he shall appoint to his children.

The will (dated March 21, 1900) of Mr. John Granger Sadd, of Maldon, Essex, who died on Aug. 30, was proved on Oct. 18 by Mrs. Mary Ann Sadd, the widow, Miss Mary Ann Sadd, the daughter, and John Price Sadd and Herbert Eustace Sadd, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £35,957. The testator gives his furniture and domestic effects to his wife; his shares in John Sadd and Sons, Limited, to his sons; and his interest in the property at Fullbridge, New Maldon, upon trust, for his daughters. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his

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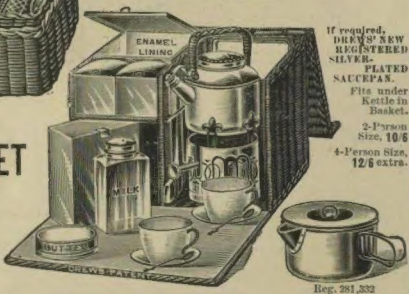
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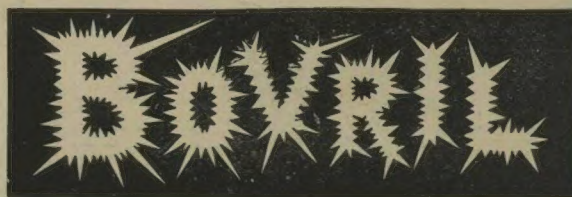
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wife for life, and then as she shall by deed or will appoint to his children.

The will (dated Jan. 11, 1897) of Mr. George Viner Ellis, F.R.C.S., of Severn Bank, Minsterworth, Gloucester, who died on April 23, has been proved by Edmund Viner Ellis, the brother, and Godfrey William Viner Ellis, the nephew, the executors, the value of the estate being £51,299. The testator gives certain real estate at Minsterworth and his freehold premises, 12, Rood Lane, E.C., to his brother Edmund Viner Ellis; his freehold residence and other lands and premises, upon trust, for his sister Anne Ellis for life, and then for his nephew Godfrey William Viner Ellis; £1000 Consolidated Annuities for his nieces Mary Viner Butler, Anne Viner

Ellis, and Elizabeth Viner Brady; £50, upon trust, for the Minsterworth Day Schools; £200 to his said nephew; and legacies to friends and servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his sister.

The will (dated Dec. 9, 1899), with a codicil (dated Dec. 21 following), of Mr. Thomas William Palmer, of Langtry Lodge, Brough, Yorkshire, who died on Aug. 11, was proved on Oct. 22 by Mrs. Edith Fienes Palmer, the widow, and William Henry Todd, the executors, the value of the estate being £34,719. The testator gives £250, his furniture and household effects and jewels, and, during her widowhood, the use and enjoyment of Langtry Lodge, and an annuity of £300 to his wife; £3000, upon trust, for his daughter Nesta; £100 each to his nephews Godfrey

Meynell Heathcote Hacker and Nicholas Palmer; and £500 to his sister Eleanor Palmer. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Derrick.

The will (dated Oct. 18, 1899) of Mr. William Brown, J.P., of Hazelwood, Wellington, who died on Sept. 3, was proved on Oct. 17 by Howard Brown, the son, Thomas Brown, the brother, and William Cooper, the executors, the value of the estate being £46,328. The testator gives his shares in the Union and Lloyds Banks, the money on current account and in his safe, and his freehold residence to his wife, Mrs. Eliza Brown; his leasehold house in Avenue Road, Hampstead, and £12,000 debentures of Brown and Sons, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Maud Simeons; his "A" shares in Brown and Sons, his interest

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CHLOROBYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See "Times," July 15, 1897.

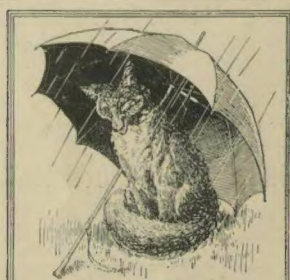
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CHLOROBYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Daventry that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1893.

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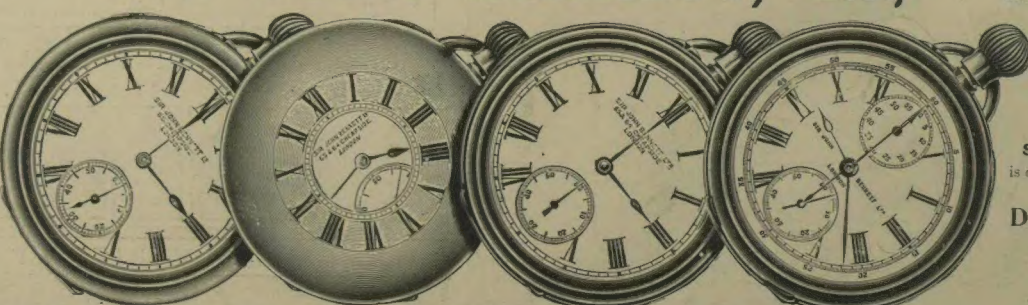
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